MOORE'S MELODIES

AND

AMERICAN POEMS.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY,

AND

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF LYRIC POETS,

BY

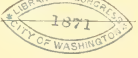
DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,
AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS."

ILLUSTRATED

BY DANIEL MACLISE, OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON,

AND

WILLIAM RICHES, AN AMERICAN ARTIST.



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To

All Lovers of Poetry and the Fine Arts,

This Work

Is Respectfully Inscribed

by

The Publishers.

LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

A WORK designed to illustrate the conceptions of the most melodious of modern poets, by the aid of the pen, the pencil, and the graver, would justly be considered incomplete without some record of the man. All cultivated minds have a natural eagerness to see the

fountain from which springs the clear invigorating draught that refreshes and strengthens them. We possess the works, they exclaim,—let us gaze on the creator of them,—let us see the features, bodily and mental, of the child of genius who has delighted and entranced us. We hasten, then, to gratify this just and amiable desire.

The parents of our Poet were persons of humble circumstances, carrying on business at Aungier-street, Dublin, in which place he was born on the 28th of May, 1779. His father was a most amiable man, and his mother a woman of a very endearing and intellectual character. Perceiving that their child had no common mind, they bestowed upon him an excellent education, intending to bring him up to the profession of the bar. At a very early age he indulged the natural promptings of an imaginative nature, and produced various scraps of childish poetry,—so early that he had quite forgotten at what period he commenced these feeble offerings to the muse. But at the age of fourteen, he first had the delight of seeing his lines in print. He had addressed a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, and sent it to a Dublin magazine called the *Anthologia:* it was inserted, and the heart of the young aspirant fluttered with anticipations of future fame.

Mr. Whyte was a vain but good-hearted man, and enjoyed

considerable reputation as a teacher of public reading and elocution. Richard Brinsley Sheridan had, some years previously, been under his direction; but the schoolmaster pronounced the boy, who afterward became the most brilliant wit and orator of his age, to be "an incorrigible dunce." Such is too often the judgment of the book-learned; the mind of the child of genius will not receive that with which it can not sympathize, and the unobserving teacher condemns it as dull; but place before it the kind of knowledge which accords with its gifts, and observe then with what alacrity it receives the enchanting draught. Mr. Whyte not only encouraged the study of elocution among his pupils, but also a taste for dramatic performances. In this direction young Moore was his favorite pupil, and on one occasion when a performance was got up by the lads, he personated Patrick in "The Poor Soldier," and Harlequin in a pantomime, besides contributing an appropriate epilogue.

We have said that young Moore was intended by his father for the bar, but his family were Catholics, and to members of the Roman Catholic Church the Dublin University was at that period closed, and thus the only recognized avenue to the learned professions was barred against their entrance. Although this restriction was swept away by the memorable act of 1793, which abolished the most offensive enactments against the Catholics, yet this unjust exclusion seems to have

cherished in the mind of the Poet that patriotic ardour and political energy, which, in early youth, were near placing him in a dangerous position. He was among the first of his faith who availed themselves of the new privilege of being educated at their national University, though they were still excluded from the attainment of college honours and emoluments.

Having attracted some notice by his occasional versification, Moore determined to attempt a free translation of some of the songs and odes of Anacreon into English verse; and after accomplishing a portion of this task, he submitted the manuscript to Dr. Kearney, then one of the senior Fellows of the University, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, and requested his advice relative to laying it before the Board, in the hope of obtaining some honourable reward or distinction. That gentleman spoke very highly of the translation, and encouraged him to persevere with it, but told him he did not see that the Board of the University could, by any public reward, give their sanction to verses of so convivial and free a character.

In his nineteenth year the young poet proceeded to London, for the two-fold purpose of keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of Anacreon, by subscription. The elegant and voluptuous productions of the Greek poet had the credit, we are told, of softening the mind

of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence toward his subjects. "They are, indeed," says Moore, "all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses." It is somewhat singular that Moore's first work should be dedicated to the Prince of Wales, against whom, in after years, he aimed so many of his brilliant, laughing satires. Two years later (in 1801) Mr. Moore published his juvenile efforts, under the title of "The Poems of the Late Thomas Little." These were pleasing amatory trifles, some of which, in years of maturity, he would willingly have forgotten. In his preface, Moore reminds us that they were "the productions of an age when the passions very often give a coloring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it can not excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them."

In 1803, Mr. Moore had the good fortune to have the comparative sinecure of the registrarship of Bermuda bestowed upon him; but slight as the duties were, they were not to his taste; so he appointed a deputy, and then proceeded on a tour through some parts of North America. This turned out very unfortunately; the deputy became a defaulter to a considerable extent, and the poet had to make up the deficiency.

The title of Poet bespoke every-where a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; the captain of the packet

in which he crossed Lake Ontario not only loaded him with civilities, but begged on parting to be allowed to decline payment for his passage. Progress is rapid in America; on his journey to the Falls of Niagara he met with a slight accident, which detained him some days at Buffalo, then a mere village, consisting of huts and wigwams; over half a century has rolled away since then, and the village has long since been a populous and splendid city. The first sensation of the poet on beholding the terrific fall of waters at Niagara was that of slight disappointment; but its wild grandeur soon entirely captivated his imagination, and on each succeeding visit he seemed to behold new beauties. He tells us, "I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected: when looking on the falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum." The publication of two volumes of odes and epistles followed Moore's return to his native land. In the poems descriptive of American scenery, he delineates the wild and beautiful features of this vast continent, not only with the graces of imagination, but with a singularly graphic accuracy.

In 1806 occurred the famous duel between our poet and the late Lord Jeffrey, which ultimately led to the friendship of the former with Lord Byron. In consequence of some dispute, the intended combatants met at Chalk Farm, but

the duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy, and it was stated that upon examining the weapons, they were found to be loaded with powder only. Byron thus playfully alluded to this rumor in that bitter satire, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*:—

> "Can none remember that eventful day,
> That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
> When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
> And Bow street myrmidons stood laughing by."

This report, which was doubtless without foundation, was denied by Mr. Moore in the public papers, and the indignant poet further demanded a retraction of the satire on the part of Lord Byron; but this demand, instead of leading to another hostile meeting, terminated in the close friendship of these two gifted men.

Moore's next effusions appeared in 1808, without the name of their author. They consisted of two serious political satires, one entiled *Corruption*, the other *Intolerance*, and the next year they were followed by a brief poem called *The Sceptic*. But these serious attempts in the juvenalian vein did not attract any very great deal of attention, none of them at the time attaining a second edition. Still they deserved a greater success than they met with, and will well repay the

labor of perusal: perhaps the chief cause of their want of popularity was that they abused Whigs and Tories with considerable impartiality.

Abandoning the serious vein, Moore next produced his sparkling collection of light political satires entitled *The Two-penny Post-bag*. Brilliant and pointed as were these elegant lampoons, their effect was qualified by playful lightness, and even by a tone of good humour which entered into the composition of them. Every one laughed, and even the objects of them joined in the mirthful chorus, though there might have been a little hollowness in their merriment. Moore commenced in 1807, and continued until as late as 1834, the publication of his famous *Irish Melodies*,—poems which are not only wedded to music, but are in themselves music. They were suggested by a collection of the old national airs made by Mr. Bunting, which the poet justly thought would be rescued from comparative oblivion by being associated with modern and patriotic songs. Though never regularly instructed in music, Moore could play most of these fine old airs upon the piano-forte with tolerable facility. While at the Dublin University, he had become acquainted with the unfortunate patriot Robert Emmett. The young poet greatly admired the political enthusiast, who would frequently sit and listen to his performance of these old tunes; and on one occasion, when he had just

finished that spirited air called the "Red Fox," to which he afterwards wrote the touching lines beginning,—

"Let Erin remember the days of old,"

Emmett started up as from a dream and exclaimed: "O, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air."

It has been said that melody is inseparable from the name of Moore; the genius of his country seems to breathe from some of these national poems; others are sacred to love and friendship; while in the rest the poet's muse revels in a kind of intellectual intoxication of both soul and sense. The mode also in which he has alluded to many of the wild superstitions of his native land, whose beautiful scenery and imaginative peasantry have made it the very home of the fairies, is both elegant and interesting. But the great charm of these melodies consists in their sweet tenderness, and the soft strains of love, and elegant epicurism which pervades them. It is this that makes them so universally popular, and has caused them to be translated into the Latin, Italian, French, Russian, and Polish languages. Some share of this world-wide admiration is to be attributed to the exquisite airs to which the melodies are written: indeed, such a love of song dwells in the sons and daughters of the "Green Isle," and so adapted is their speech for musical expression,

that some fugitive genius has asserted that Irish was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise.

In the intervals of other labors, Moore continued the *Irish Melodies*, wrote the *Sacred Songs*, and now and then furnished a lively article to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Our poet's reputation was so firmly established, that Messrs. Longman agreed to give him the large sum of three thousand guineas for a poem upon an Eastern story. Moore retired to the picturesque banks of the river Dove, in Derbyshire, went through a course of oriental reading, and in three years produced his exquisite poem of *Lalla Rookh*. It was published in 1817; its success was triumphant, and at once dissipated from the mind of its author the doubts which, during the long anxious period of labor, would occasionally haunt him, respecting its reception by the public. It was the first product of a new school of poetry, perfectly oriental in character; the warm rays of an Eastern sun seem to radiate from every page: the judgment of the reading world was taken captive, and bound in chains of flowers. While in the glow of triumph, resulting from a success so beyond the expectation of the author, Mr. Rogers, a fellow-poet, offered Moore a seat in his carriage, in which he was then about to proceed on a visit to the French capital. A trip of so interesting a character, and in such congenial society, was not to be refused; the two poets started together,

and, on their return, Moore published his *Fudge Family in Paris;* the satirical trifles in which were so much to the taste of the public, that, in the race of successive editions, Miss Biddy Fudge was for some time not behind Lalla Rookh.

In 1819 Moore again visited Paris in company with Lord John Russell, a nobleman with whom he ever maintained the closest ties of friendship; after remaining there for a week or two, they proceeded to the Simplon, going from thence to Milan, where they parted, the politician proceeding to Genoa, and the poet to visit Lord Byron at Venice. Moore also spent some time at Rome, where he carried on a delightful intercourse with those high priests of the arts—Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. This delightful trip was followed by the appearance of a volume entitled *Rhymes on the Road*, a light and pleasing record in verse of his travels, in which he expressed the various impressions made upon him by the exquisite productions of art and nature that every-where met his dazzled and enraptured view.

Moore then proceeded to Paris, and remained there until 1822. He produced, during his stay in that gay city, his sweet and melodious poem, *The Loves of the Angels*, which seems to have been penned during a long dream of poetic love and sensuous raptures; and *The Fables of the Holy Alliance*, a collection of political satires, some of which possess

not only a bold, but an enduring character. Probably he felt that the apparent trifler could tell home truths with impunity, for his laughing muse has given birth to utterances which might have drawn down dangerous consequences upon the head of a more serious and sterner speaker. On his return to England he took up his residence at Sloperton Cottage, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful demesne of Bowood, the seat of his distinguished and ever constant friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here, surrounded by scenery in which a poet would have chosen to dwell, visited by literary friends, and indeed enjoying an intercourse with all that was exalted in intellect, rank, or beauty, did he pass the remainder of his life. Here it was that he perfectly realized Lord Byron's generous eulogy, that he was "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

In the full maturity of intellect, Moore turned his attention to prose-writing, and in 1825 he penned a biography of the brilliant but thoughtless Sheridan; five years later, his well-known *Life of Byron* emerged from the press; it is a perfect picture of the literary and domestic character of that great creature of impulse and passion,—a daguerreotype of the man, though painted with words, not sunbeams. In 1831, he produced the *Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, that ill-fated patriot who terminated a life of enthusiasm by a melancholy death in prison. Besides these biographical

efforts, Moore produced in 1827 his gorgeous prose romance illustrative of Egyptian life, entitled *The Epicurean*. This delightful book, of which the language, though not in verse, often rises to poetry, is in some respects his most elevated work.

The later years of the poet's life were passed in comparative indolence: he occasionally contributed to the daily press some little sparkling satirical verse on matters of passing interest; but age had chilled the warm, brilliant spirit which animated him in years past; his intellectual career was over, and his existence merely physical—the seared and yellow leaf of life trembled upon its parent stem—a brief space and it had fallen. The last of that brilliant phalanx of poets, who rushed into the arena of fame in the beginning of the present century, died at Sloperton Cottage, on the 25th of February, 1852. His remains were interred in a vault on the north side of the church-yard of Bromham, but his fame is preserved in the affectionate remembrance and admiration of all who speak the English language.

No mean evidence of the universality and earnestness of the admiration elicited by the sparkling genius of our poet is to be found in the fact, that a committee of noblemen and others met at the house of Lord Lansdowne for the purpose of raising a subscription for the erection of a monument to the memory of the departed bard, in his native city

of Dublin. This is as it should be; when nobility bows the knee to genius, it shares the glory of the laurel it confers.

Elegant trifler as Moore sometimes was—a modern Anacreon, tinged with the burning glow of patriotism, and mingling lays of love and liberty with sparkling satires, whose seeming lightness covered their real poignancy, still he possessed the divine secret of poesy, the power of thrilling and captivating the heart of the nation. The darling of drawing-rooms, his melodies were carolled forth by the lips of fashionable beauties in the luxurious saloons of nobles, but they were also sung by the homely-clad peasant in the green valleys of Ireland, and the mountains of his fatherland echoed back the touching strains. As a poet of the senses, he was unrivalled; there is a glorious beauty in his works, a profusion of elegant and voluptuous similes, an intoxicating mingling of rainbows, stars, and flowers. His genius wins our affectionate admiration.

NOTE.—Dr. Mackenzie's Critical Review of Lyric Poets begins on page 471.

PREFACE.

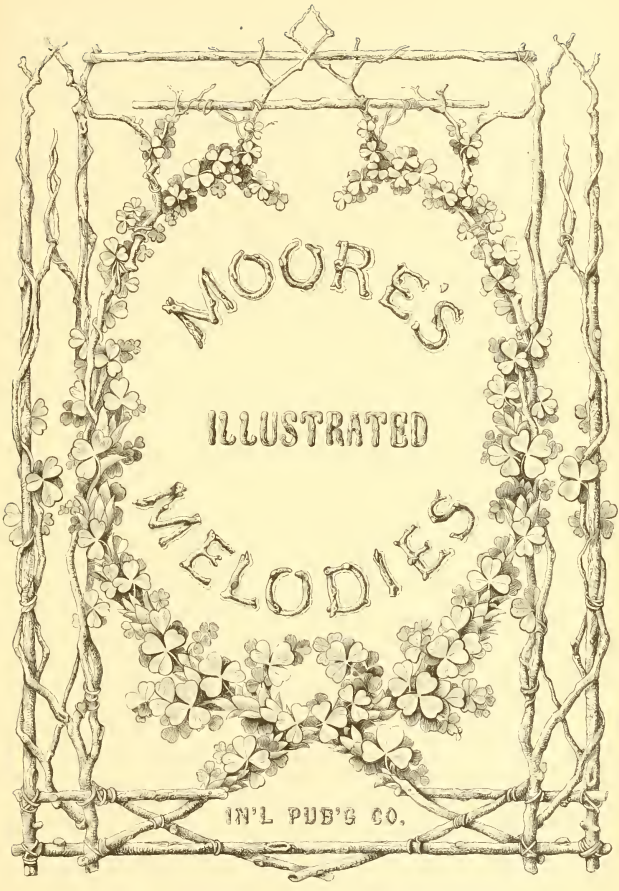
AN earnest wish having been expressed by my Publishers that this new Edition of the IRISH MELODIES should be accompanied by a few prefatory words, I have readily yielded to their request; though so frequently have I been called to this very welcome task, that all I can say upon such a theme, without degenerating into mere needless egotism, must have been long since exhausted.

On the poetical part of this work, it is not for me to give an opinion. Whatever may be its merits, to the music they are almost solely owing. It was, indeed, my strong desire to convey in words some of those feelings and fancies which music seemed to me to utter that first led me to attempt poetry. Thus song was the inspiring medium through which I became initiated into verse. Whatever merit there may be in interpreting the voice that spoke in my country's music, lending it a vent in verse, and bring-

ing home to other hearts besides my own the various feelings, sad, gay, or impassioned, with which it teems, to such merit I may, perhaps, proudly pretend. But the whole source and soul of the IRISH MELODIES lies in their matchless music. As I have already said in song, I was only as the wind to the sleeping harp, and "all the wild sweetness I waked was its own."

I shall only add, that I deem it most fortunate for this new Edition that the rich, imaginative powers of Mr. MACLISE have been employed in its adornment; and that, to complete its national character, an Irish pencil has lent its aid to an Irish pen in rendering due honour and homage to our country's ancient harp.

THOMAS MOORE.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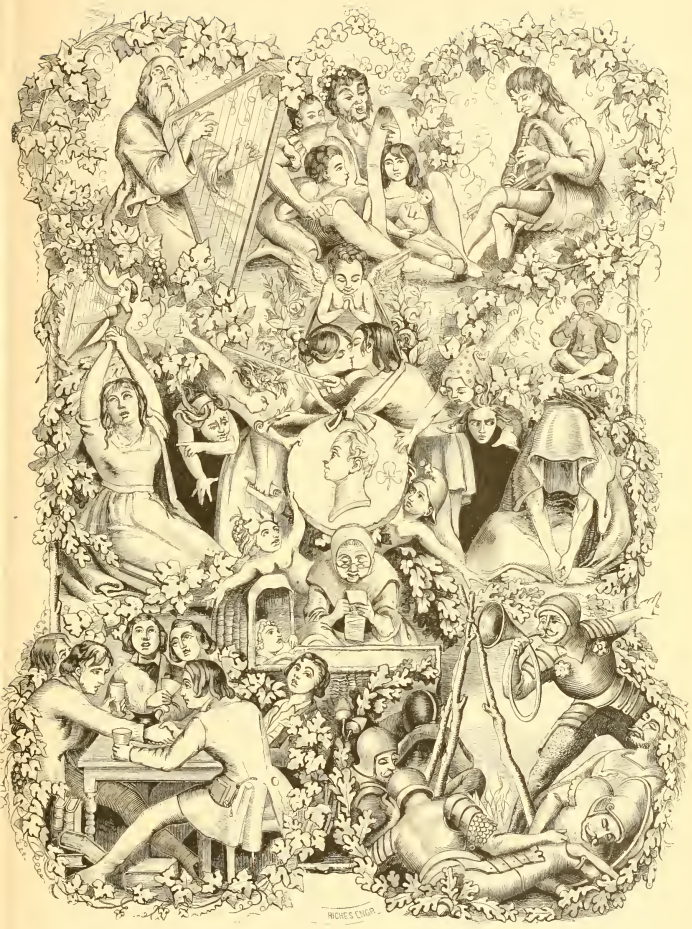
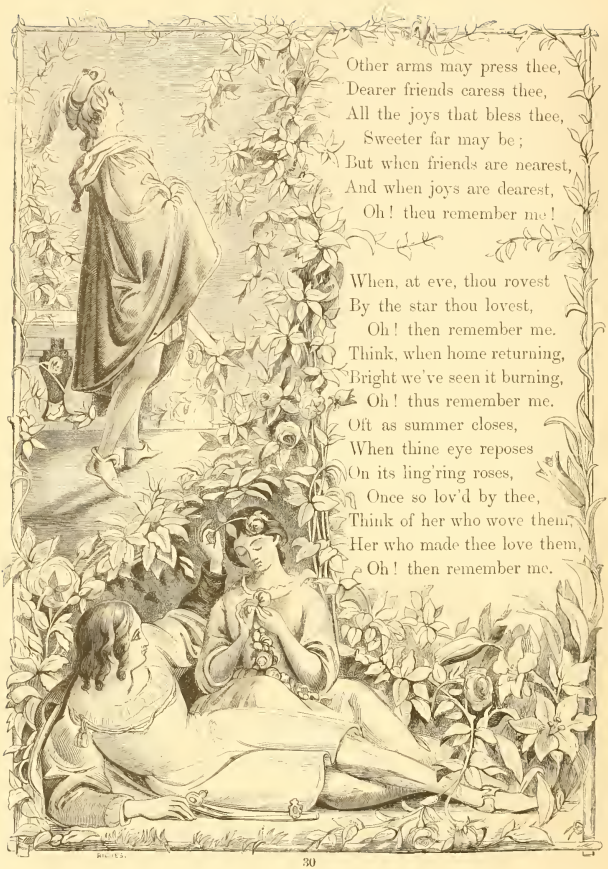
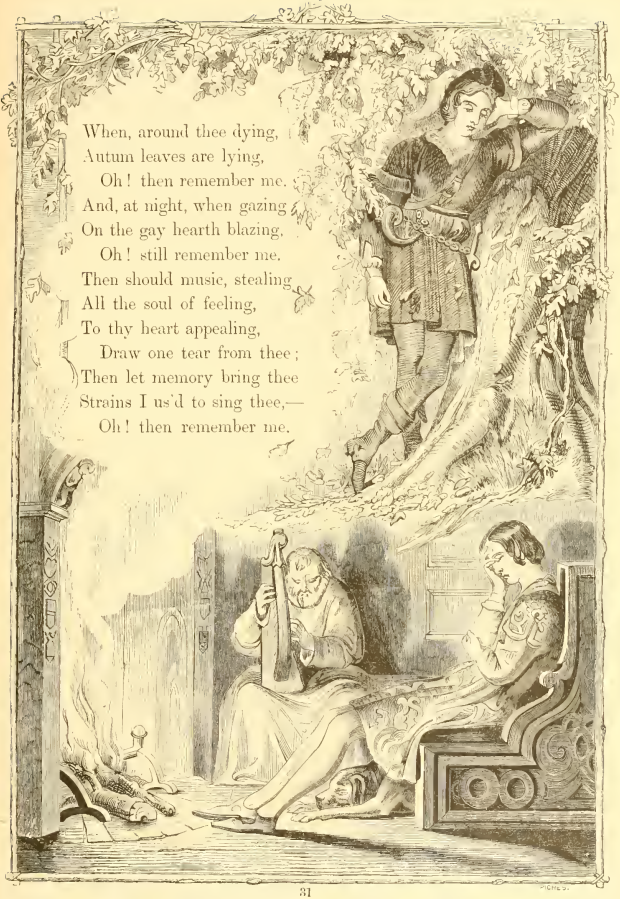

RICHES CHOIR

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.

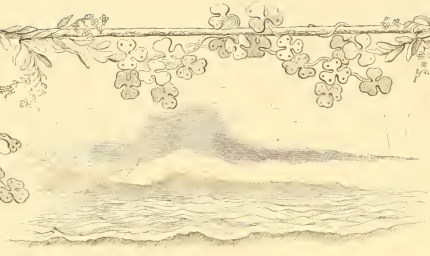


Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.



When, around thee dying,
Autum leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.



Remember Thee.

Remember thee? yes, while there's life in this heart,
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise.

Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin, thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

Oh! breathe not his Name.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

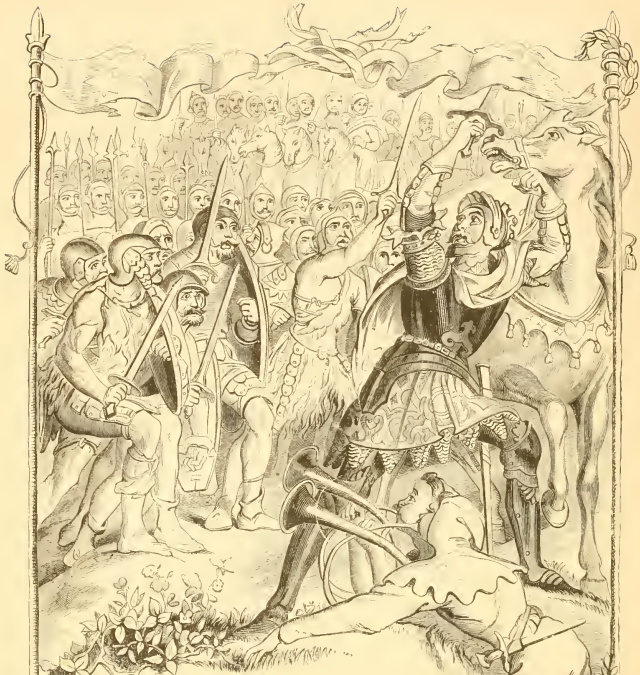
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Tho' the Last Glimpse of Erin with Sorrow I see.

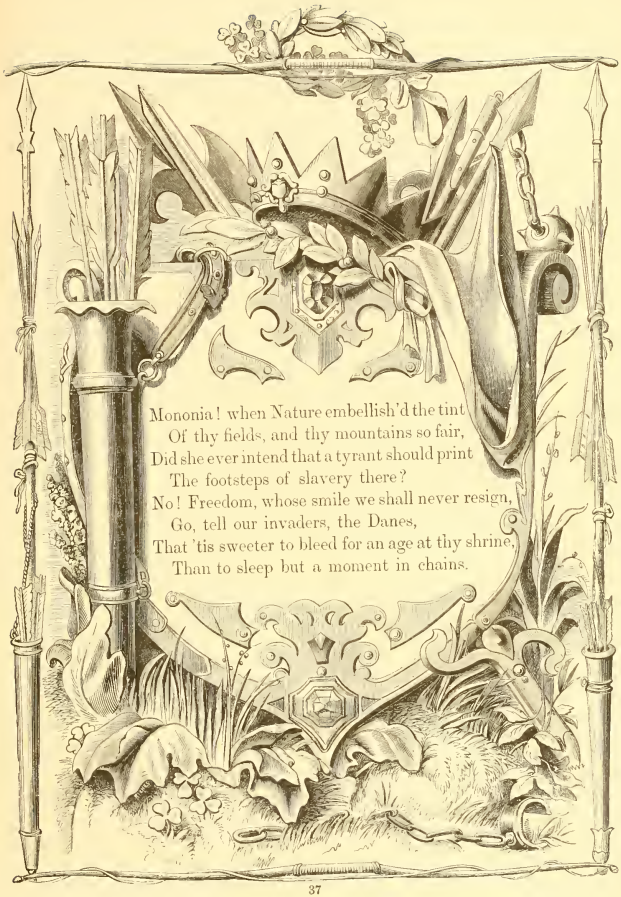
Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

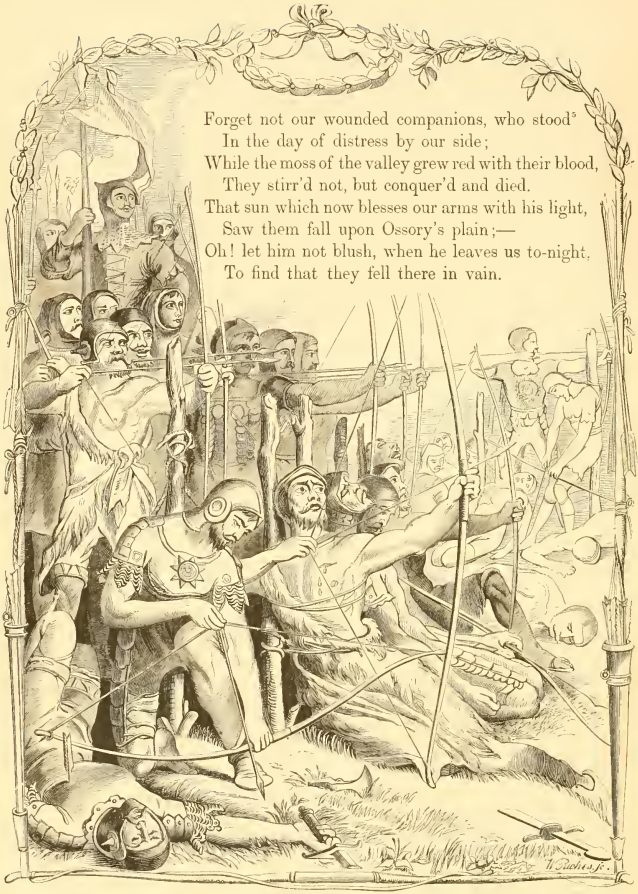
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.[1]



Remember the glories of Brien the brave,[2]
Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mononia and cold in the grave,[3]
He returns to Kinkora no more.[4]
That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet.



Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footsteps of slavery there?
No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
Than to sleep but a moment in chains.



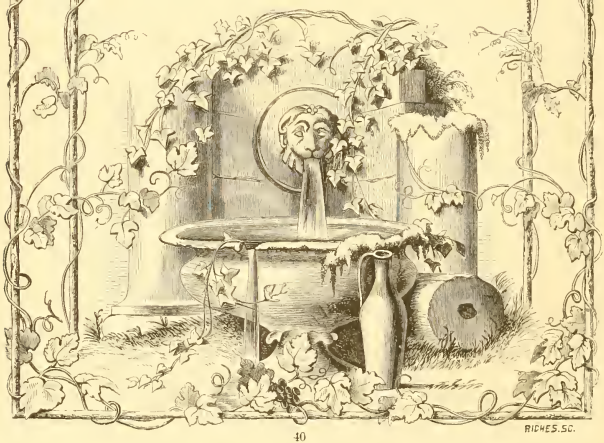
Forget not our wounded companions, who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
That sun which now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain;—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain.

Fly not yet.

Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that oh, 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,[6]

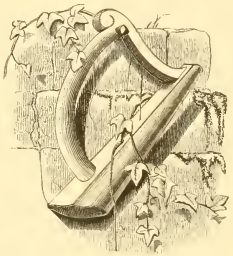
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus, should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—Oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?



RICHES.SC.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.—
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.



Oh! think not my spirits are always as light.

Oh! think not my spirits are always as light,
And as free from a pang as they seem to you now;
Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.

No:—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile—
May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

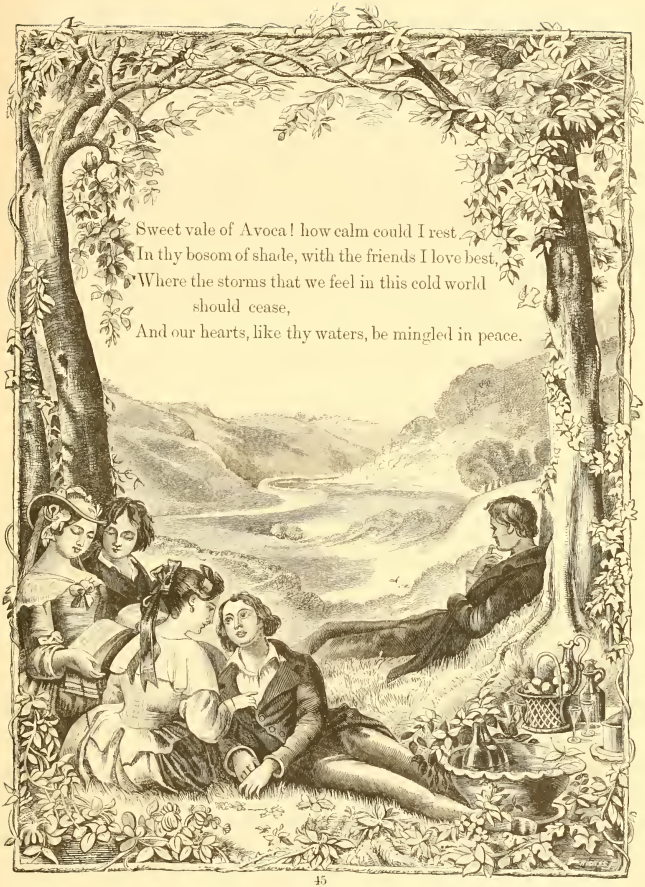
The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

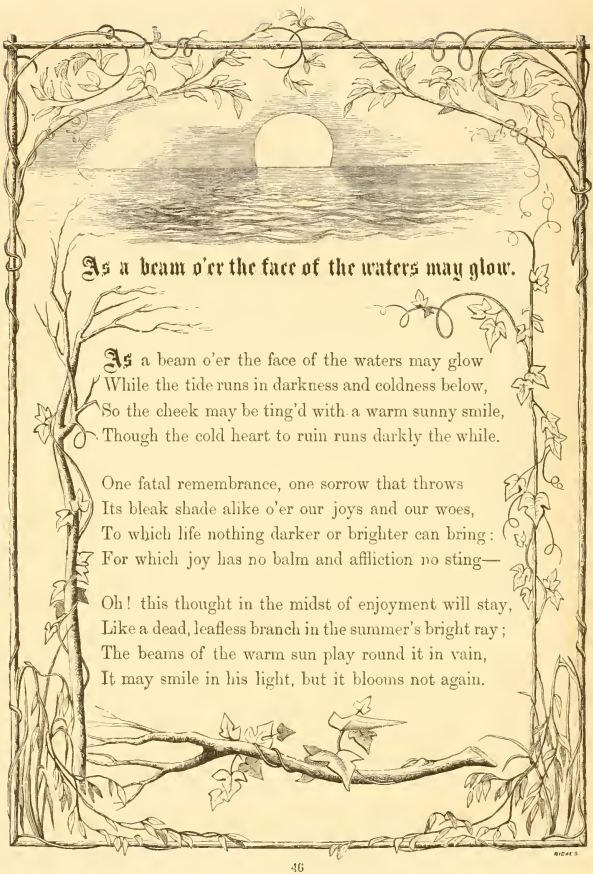
The meeting of the waters.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.


Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.



As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring:
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting—

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead, leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

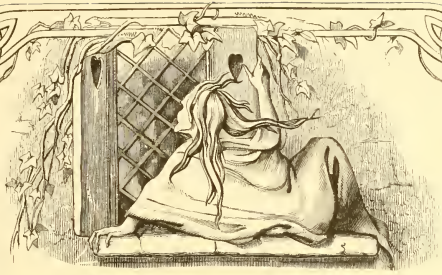
Rich and rare were the gems she wore.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
"So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
"Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
"As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
"No son of Erin will offer me harm:—
"For though they love woman and golden store,
"Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour, and Erin's pride.



How oft has the Benshee cried.

How oft has the Benshee cried,
How oft has death untied
Bright links that Glory wove,
Sweet bonds entwin'd by Love!
Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth;
Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth;
Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the hero's grave.

We're fall'n upon gloomy days!
Star after star decays,
Every bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear,
Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
Thou, of the Hundred Fights![11]
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom hung![12]
Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
Or mercy's soul at war repineth
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they liv'd and died.

How dear to me the hour.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

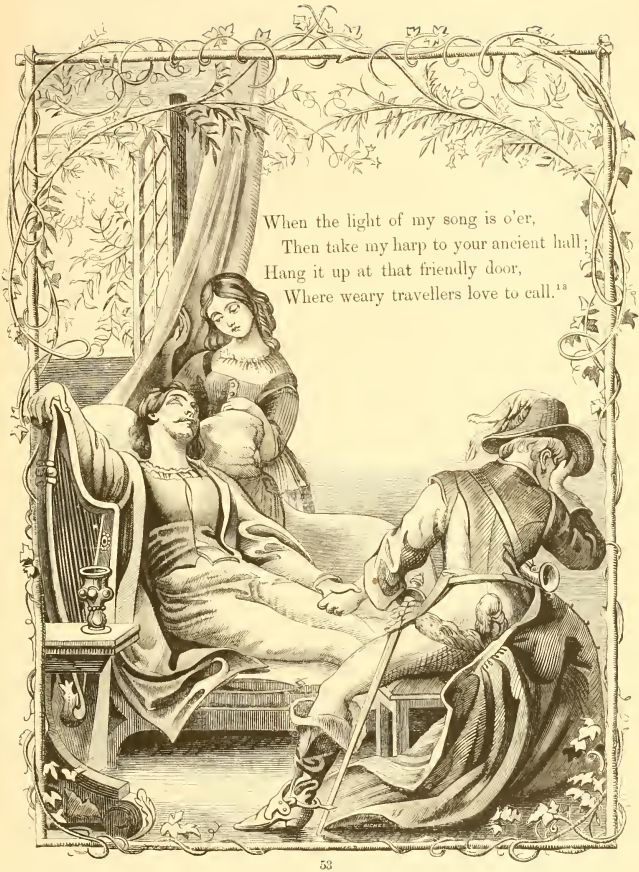
When he, who adores thee.

When he, who adores thee, has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

The Legacy.

When in death I shall calmly recline,
O bear my heart to my mistress dear;
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine
Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow
To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
To bathe the relic from morn till night.


When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.[13]

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
To grace your revel, when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
On lips that beauty hath seldom blest.
But when some warm devoted lover
To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
And hallow each drop that foams for him.

Take back the virgin page.

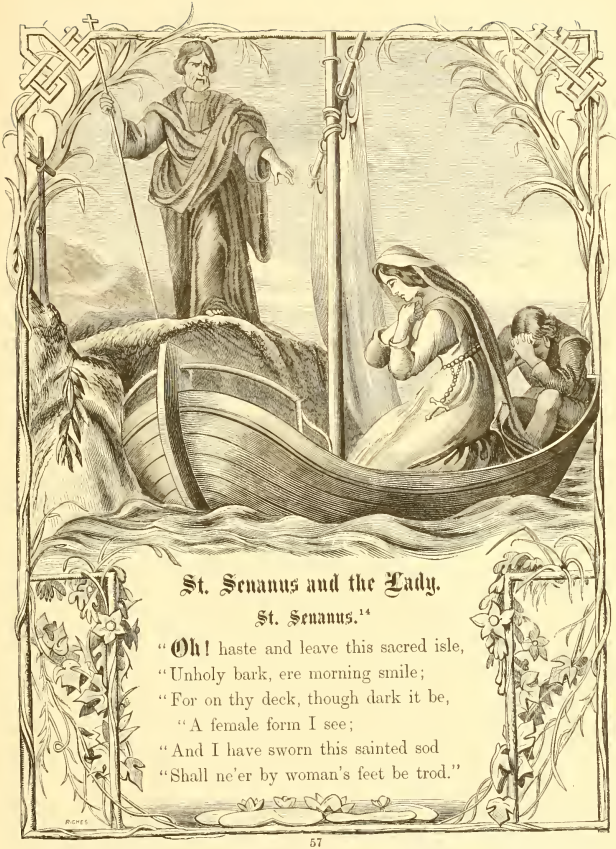
WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

Take back the virgin page,
White and unwritten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage,
The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come, as pure as light,
Pure as even *you* require:
But, oh! each word I write
Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book:
Oft shall my heart renew,
When on its leaves I look,
Dear thoughts of you.
Like you, 'tis fair and bright,
Like you, too bright and fair
To let wild passion write
One wrong wish there.

Haply when from those eyes
Far, far away I roam,
Should calmer thoughts arise
Tow'rds you and home;
Fancy may trace some line,
Worthy those eyes to meet,
Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
Seamen their records keep,
Led by some hidden star
Through the cold deep;
So may the words I write
Tell thro' what storms I stray—
You still the unseen light,
Guiding my way.



St. Senanus and the Lady.

St. Senanus.[14]

"**Oh!** haste and leave this sacred isle,
"Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
"For on thy deck, though dark it be,
"A female form I see;
"And I have sworn this sainted sod
"Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

The Lady.

"Oh! Father, send not hence my bark,
"Through wintry winds and billows dark:
"I come with humble heart to share
"Thy morn and evening prayer;
"Nor mine the feet, oh! holy Saint,
"The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
But legends hint, that had the maid
Till morning's light delay'd,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

We may roam through this World.

We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings and be off to the west;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle,
For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden 's but carelessly watch'd after all.

RICHES

Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells;
Which warns the touch, while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.

While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

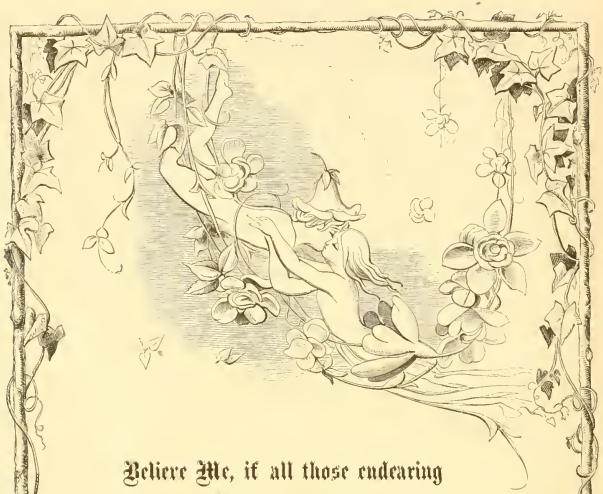
Eveleen's Bower.

Oh! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower
The Lord of the Valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
From the chaste cold moon,
And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

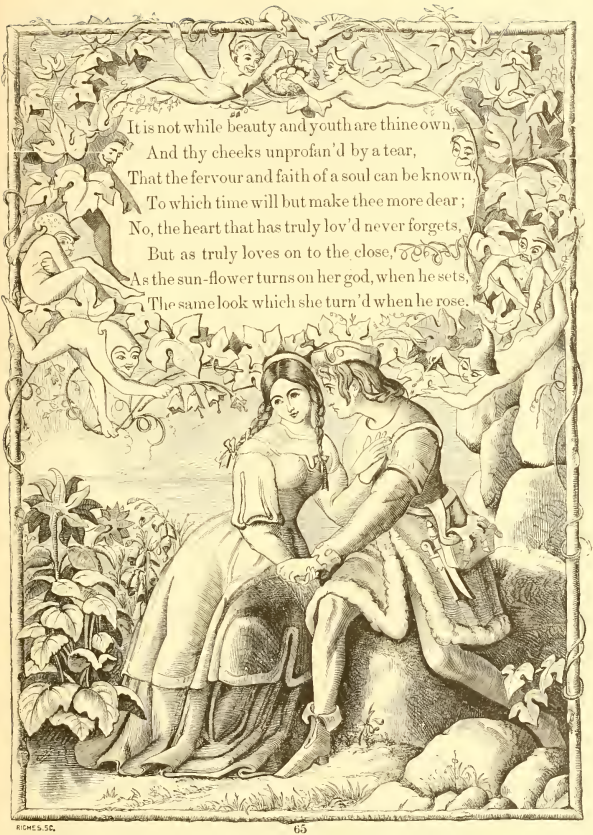
The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the Valley crost over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footstep to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.



Believe Me, if all those endearing Young Charms.

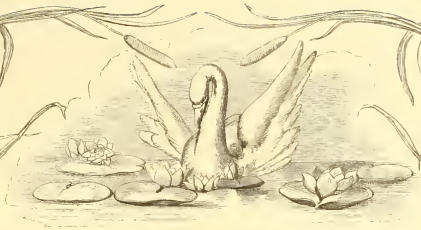
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.


It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly lov'd never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Let Erin remember the days of old.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,[15]
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;—[16]
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime;
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.[17]



The Song of Fionnuala.[18]

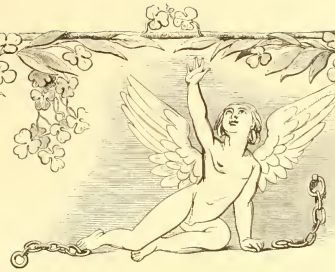
Silent, oh Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, oh Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

Come, send round the Wine.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!



Sublime was the Warning.

Sublime was the warning that Liberty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
Oh, Liberty! let not this spirit have rest,
Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot
While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain!

If the fame of our fathers, bequeath'd with their rights,
Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same!
And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Join, join in our hope that the flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

God prosper the cause!—oh, it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
Then, how sainted by sorrow, its martyrs will die!
The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
While, far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

Erin, oh Erin.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in Kildare's holy fane,[19]
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, oh Erin, thus bright thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.

Erin, oh Erin, tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping thro' winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.[20]
Thus Erin, oh Erin, *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blossom at last.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,[21]
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;[22]
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unpriz'd are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them thro' dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile, where their country expires.

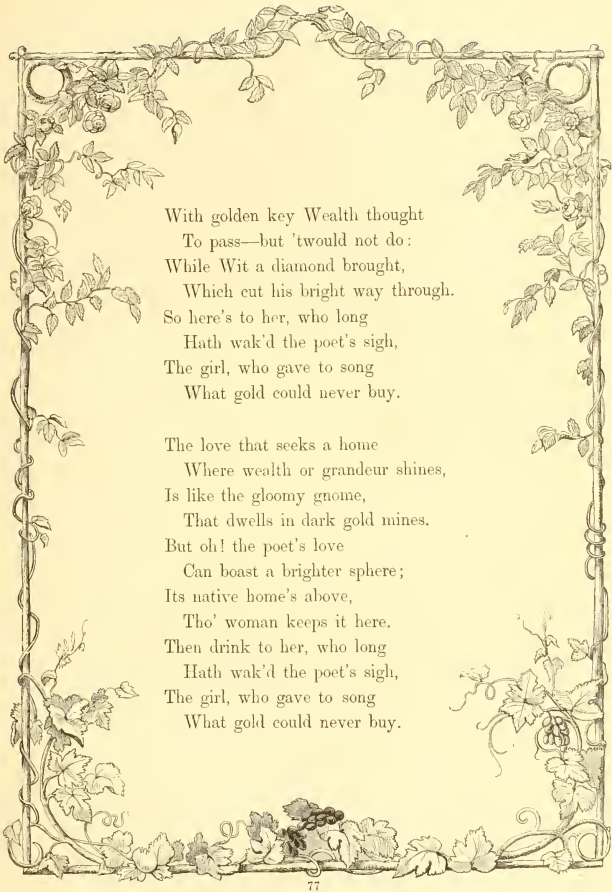
Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget, what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Thro' the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.[23]

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

Drink to Her.

Drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone:
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass,
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "which might pass?"
She answer'd, "he, who could."



With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her, who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl, who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

While gazing on the Moon's light.

While gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But *too* far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;[24]
Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
While brighter eyes unheeded play,
I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
That bless my home and guide my way.

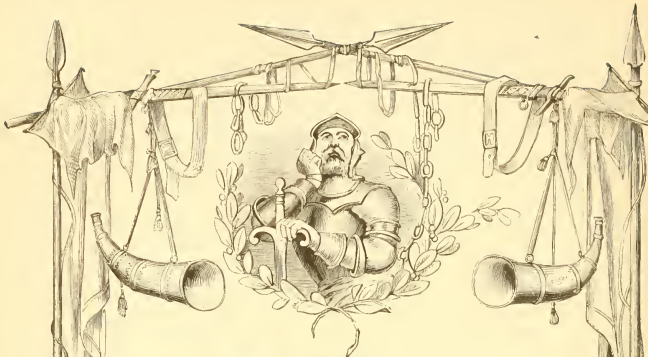
The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meet,
Illumin'd all the pale flowers,
Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss,)
"The moon looks
"On many brooks,
"The brook can see no moon but this;"[25]
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee,
While oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

Ill Omens.

When daylight was yet sleeping under the billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly,[26] fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas; never to rise:
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
"For which the soul's innocence too often dies."

While she stole thro' the garden where hearts-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the hearts-ease was lost:
"Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning),
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"



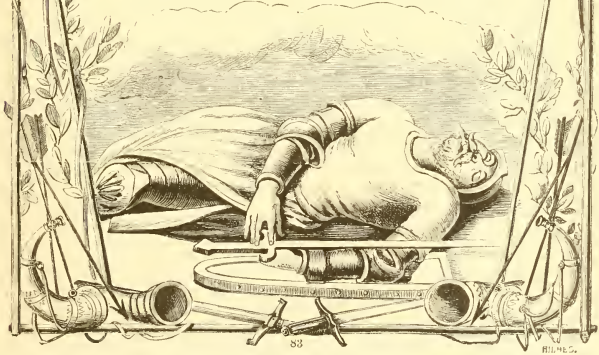
Before the Battle.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh! remember life can be
No charm for him, who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine
And light him down the steep of years:—
But oh, how blest they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might.
Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round![27]

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound:—
But oh, how blest that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wond'ring world shall weep!



After the Battle.

Night clos'd around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd for ever crost—
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valor's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.
There's yet a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;—
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

Oh! had we some bright little Isle of our own.

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean, far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

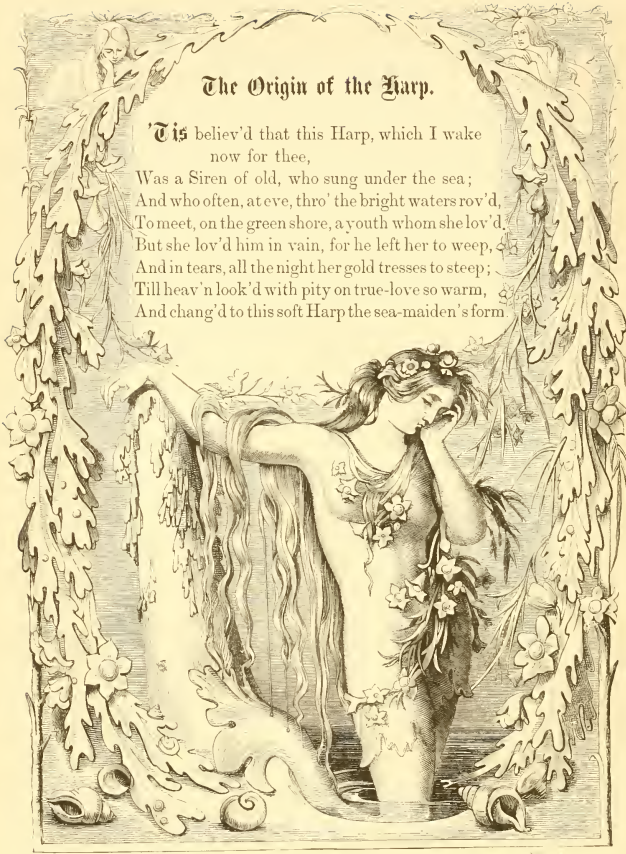
There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they lov'd in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And, with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on, holy and calm as the night.

The Irish Peasant to his Mistress.[28]

Through grief and through danger thy smile hath
cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round
me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love
burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more
dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
Oh! foul is the slander,—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too![29]


The Origin of the Harp.
'Tis believ'd that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters rov'd,
To meet, on the green shore, a youth whom she lov'd.
But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears, all the night her gold tresses to steep;
Till heav'n look'd with pity on true-love so warm,
And chang'd to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smil'd the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was chang'd to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

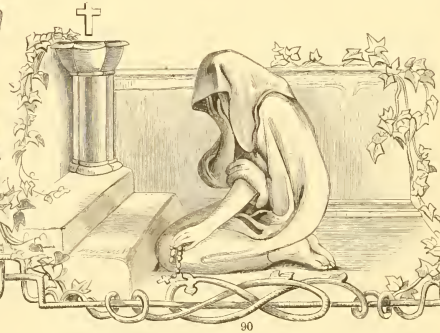
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To speak love when I 'm near thee, and grief when away.

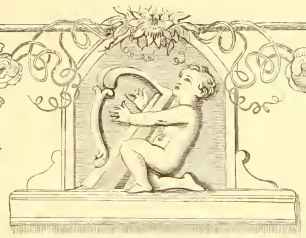
Weep on, Weep on.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more.
In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
They 'll learn to love your name;
When many a deed may wake in praise
That long hath slept in blame.
And when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They 'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"Twas fate," they 'll say, "a wayward fate
"Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never join'd in love.
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"And man profan'd what God had given;
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
"Where others knelt to heaven!"





Dear Harp of my Country.

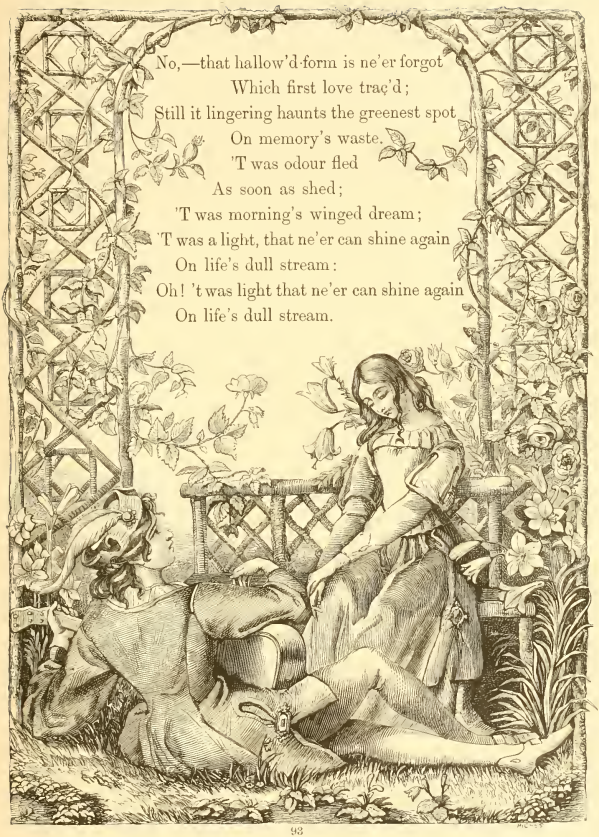
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But, so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine;
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

Love's Young Dream.

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Tho' the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Tho' he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name.


No,—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traç'd;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'T was odour fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream;
'T was a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 't was light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

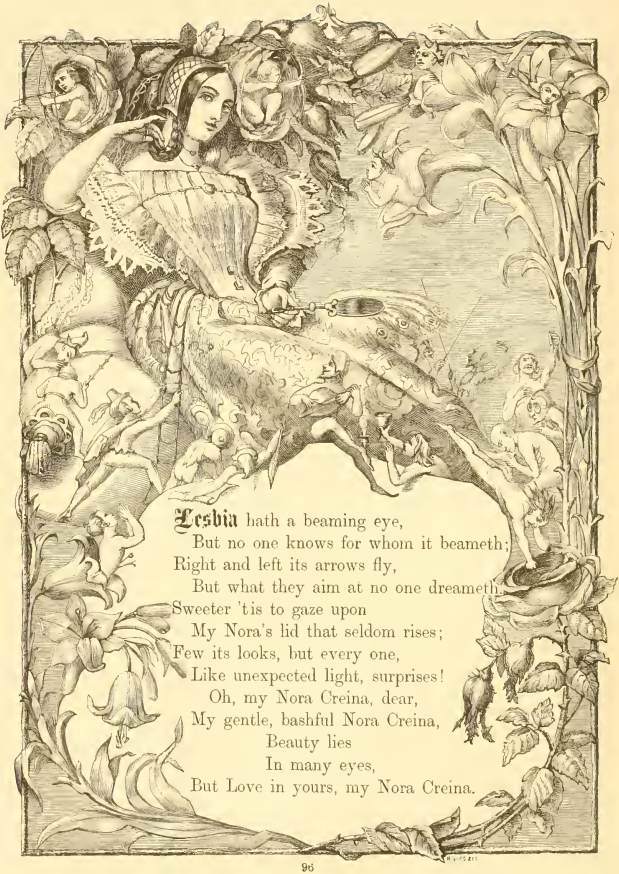
The Prince's Day.[21]

Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers:
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
But just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link
Our spirits to sink—
Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But, though 't were the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

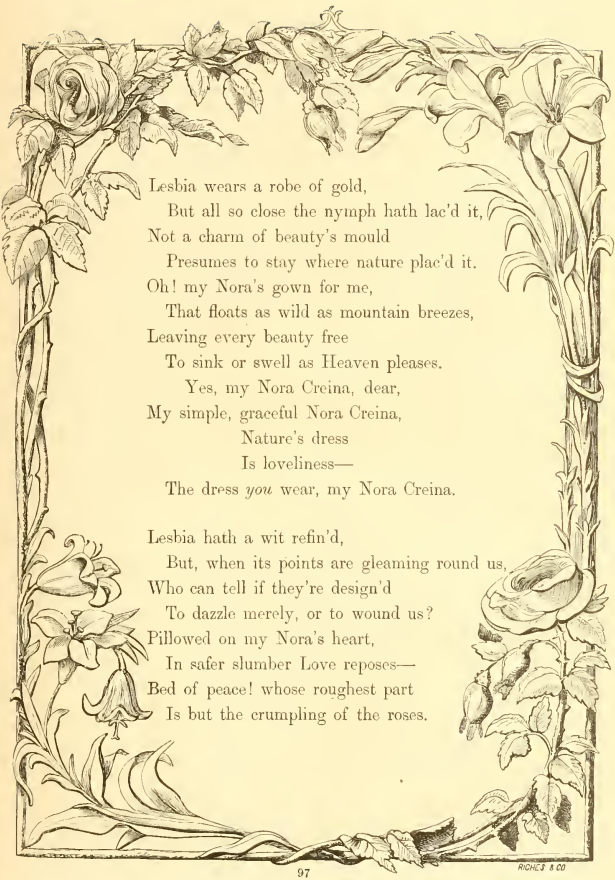
Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Tho' fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.

While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of Green
In front would be seen,—
Oh, my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,—
And thus, Erin, my country tho' broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit, which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.



Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises!
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.



Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.

RICHEJ & CO

Oh! my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore.[32]

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er,[33]
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
"Here, at least," he calmly said,
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'T was from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

RICHES-CO.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the saint (yet ah! too late,)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

It is not the tear at this moment shed.[44]

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
When the cold turf had just been laid o'er him,
That can tell how belov'd was the friend that 's fled,
Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.
'Tis the tear, thro' many a long day wept,
'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he liv'd but to love them.
And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
Where buried saints are lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

I saw thy Form in Youthful Prime.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste in bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary![35]

Love and the Novice.

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
"Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend;
"Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
"To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
"Do not disturb our calm, oh Love!
"So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
"It well might deceive such hearts as ours."

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
"His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the Saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them cloth'd in piety's vest.

Avenging and Bright.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin[45]
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd!—
For ev'ry fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,[47]
When Ulad's[48] three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

What the Bee is to the Floweret.

He.—**What** the bee is to the floweret,
When he looks for honey-dew,
Through the leaves that close embower it,
That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
Is to waves that wander near,
Whispering kisses, while they're going,
That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But they say, the bee's a rover
Who will fly, when sweets are gone;
And, when once the kiss is over,
Faithless brooks will wander on.

He.—Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks,
If sunny banks *will* wear away,
'Tis but right, that bees and brooks
Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

She is far from the land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing:
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

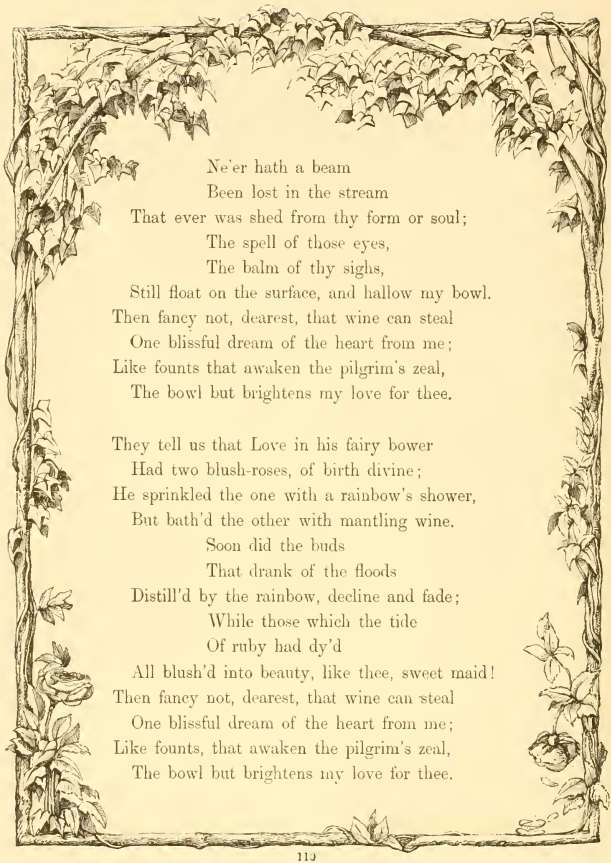
She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking;—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow.

Nay, tell me not, Dear.

Nay, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.



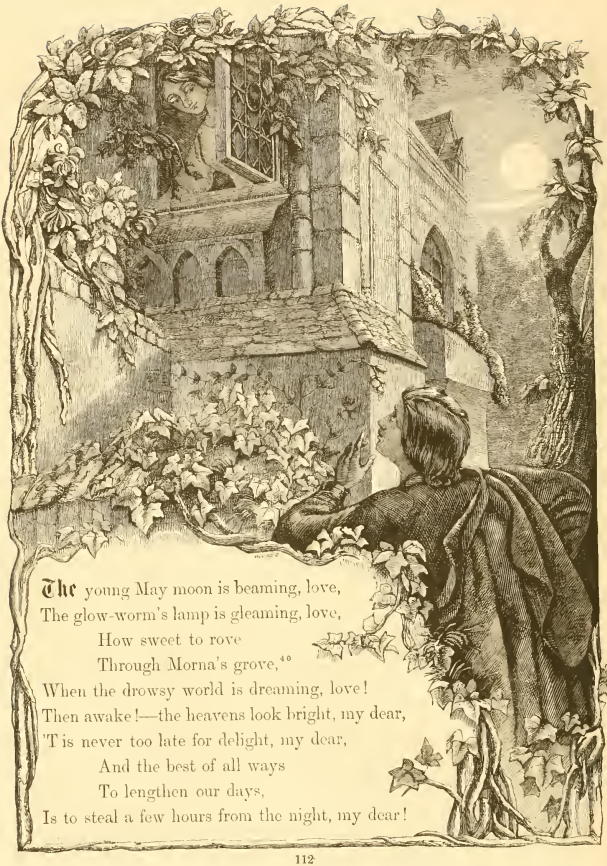
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The spell of those eyes,
The balm of thy sighs,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts, that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

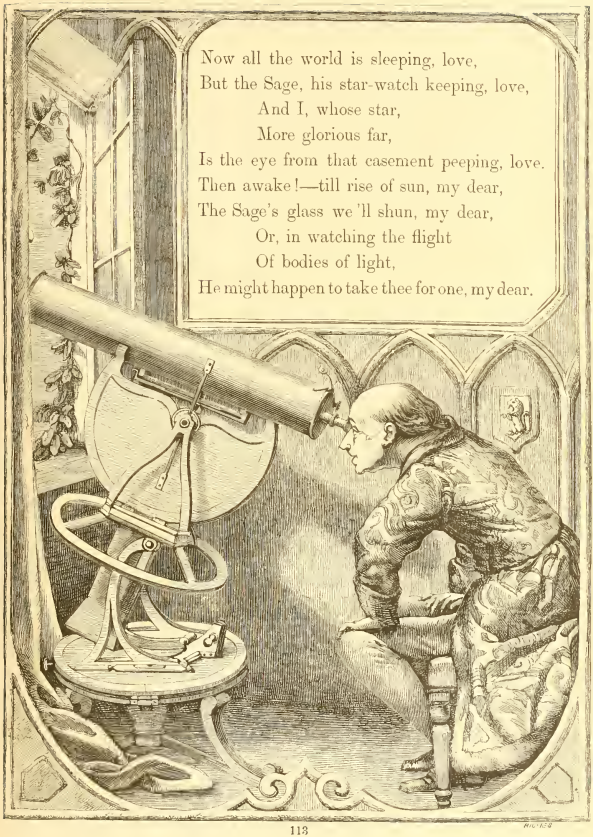
At the mid hour of Night.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 't was once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breath'd, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 't is thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,[39]
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.



The young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,[40]
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'T is never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

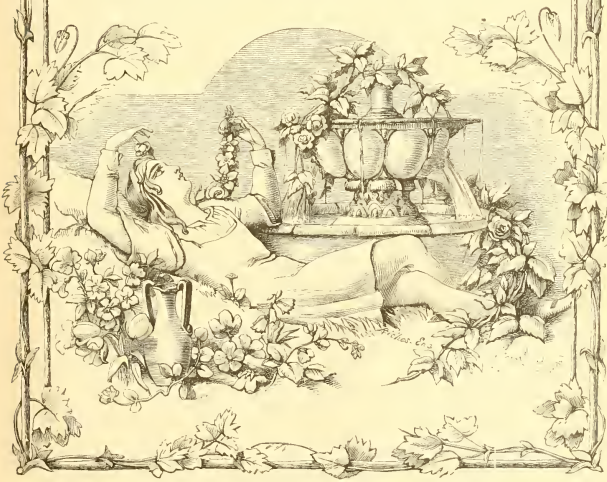

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we 'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,—
Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
And the light, brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

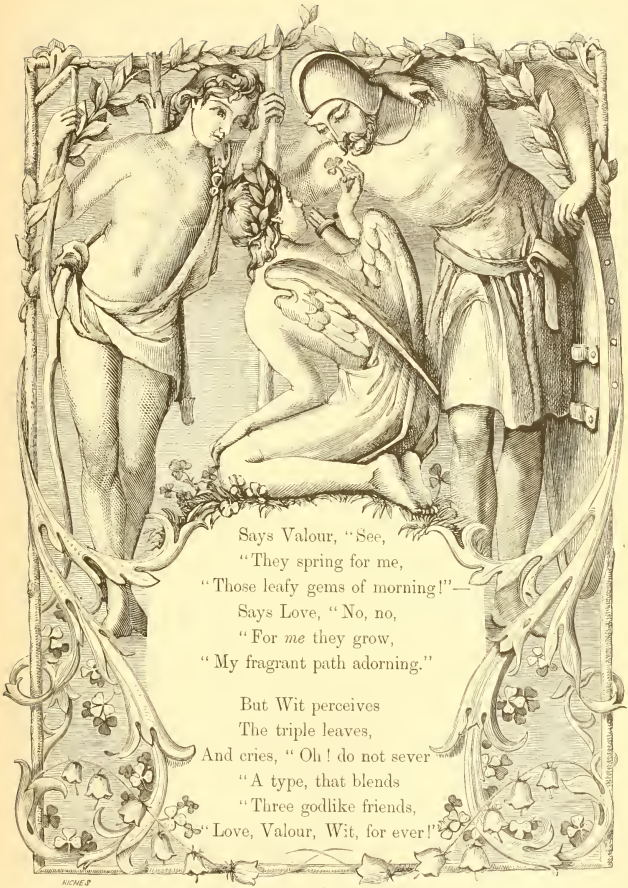
When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Thro' fields full of light, and with heart full of play,

Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.[41]
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet;—while Idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.



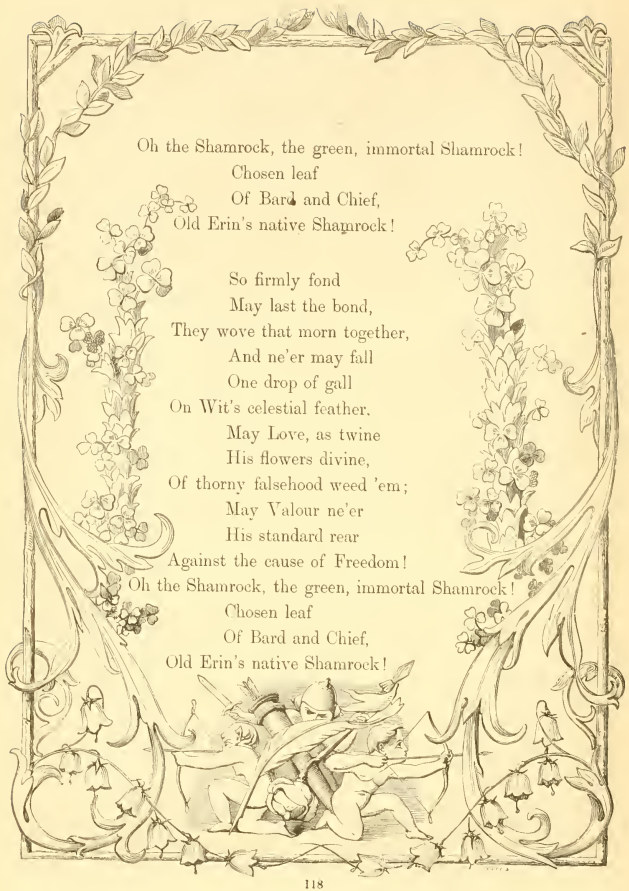
Oh the Shamrock.

Through Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valour wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd.
Where 'er they pass,
A triple grass [42]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Thro' purest crystal gleaming.
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!—



Says Valour, "See,
"They spring for me,
"Those leafy gems of morning!"—
Says Love, "No, no,
"For *me* they grow,
"My fragrant path adorning."

But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
"A type, that blends
"Three godlike friends,
"Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"



Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

So firmly fond
May last the bond,
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

The Song of O'Ruark,

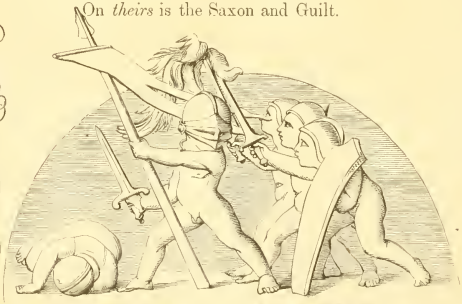
PRINCE OF BREFFNI. 43

The valley lay smiling before me,
Where lately I left her behind;
Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
That saddened the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to infold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd!

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss;
While the hand, that had wak'd it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women,
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, thro' a million of foemen,
Who dar'd but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now—oh degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame!
And thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide, to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

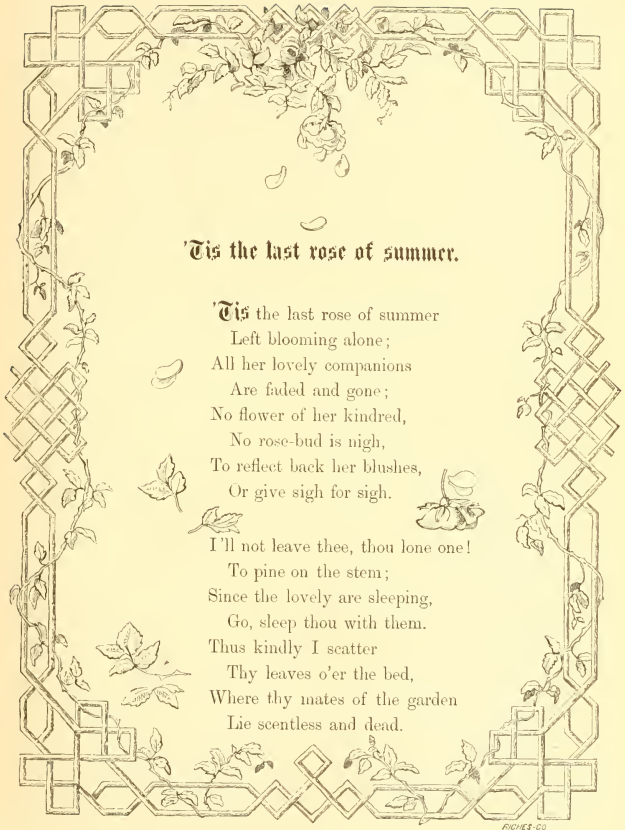


"You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,"
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William, at length, in sadness said,
"We must seek our fortune on other plains;"—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

RICHET

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we 'll shelter there;
"The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the Porter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.

"Now, welcome, Lady," exclaim'd the youth,—
"This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.



'Tis the last rose of summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

FICHES-CO

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

On Music.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

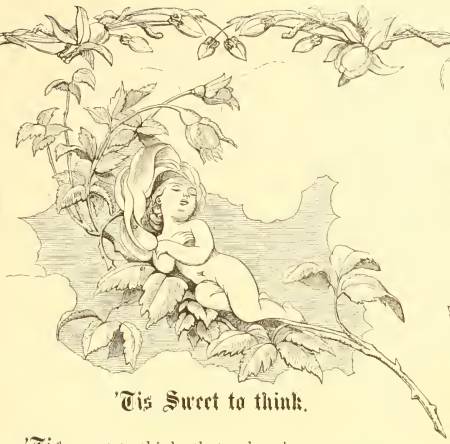
Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray.

The Minstrel-Boy.

The Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,
"*One* sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
"*One* faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."



'Tis Sweet to think.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.[45]
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips that are near.

'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is n't there;
And the world 's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they 're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then oh! what pleasure, where 'er we rove,
To be sure to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We 've but to make love to the lips we are near.

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour.

Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcom'd it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
But he ne'er will forget the short vision, that threw
Its enchantment around him, while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where 'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;

Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles—
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he was here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Oh! doubt me not.

Oh! doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.
Altho' this heart was early blown,
And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
They only shook some blossoms down,
Its fruit has all been kept for thee.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awak'd by Love.

And tho' my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.

The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er, when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awak'd by thee.

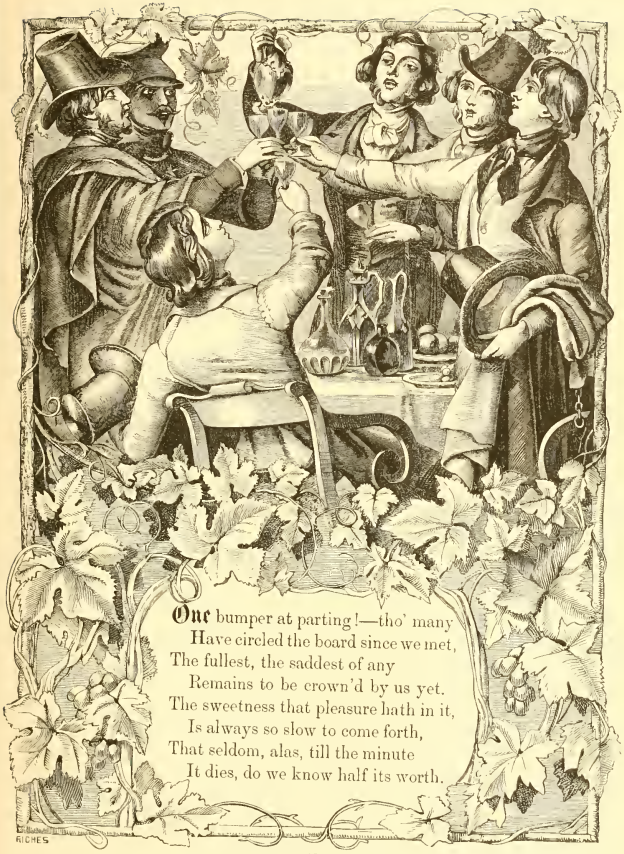
I'd mourn the hopes.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
If thy smile had left me too;
I'd weep when friends deceive me,
If thou wert, like them, untrue.
But while I've thee before me,
With heart so warm and eyes so bright,
No clouds can linger o'er me,
That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee
Were worth a long, an endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

And tho' the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely, without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam:—
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.



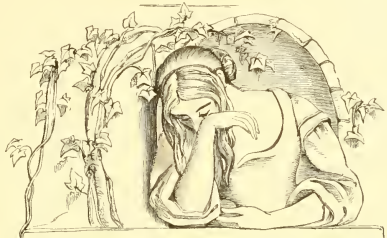
One bumper at parting!—tho' many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any
Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure hath in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,
That seldom, alas, till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth.

But come,—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They 're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours—
Ah, never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright;
And now, let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory, like him.

And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up,
'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.



Has sorrow thy young days shaded.

Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Does Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?—
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like our Lagenian mine,[46]
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine—
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allur'd by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,[47]
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear:—
Come child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where 'er it goes.

RICHES

Let fate frown on, so we love and part not;
'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where thou art not.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and Liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us—
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine thro' sunshine, storm and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

When first I met Thee.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go,
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

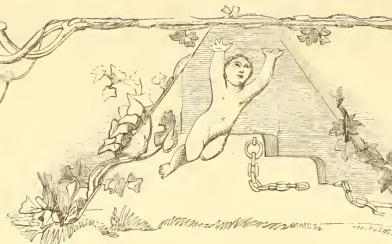
When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

And days may come, thou false one! yet
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever;

On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still receiv'd thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believ'd thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.



Where is the Slave.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
  Who, could he burst
  His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
  When thus its wing
  At once may spring
To the throne of Him who made it?

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

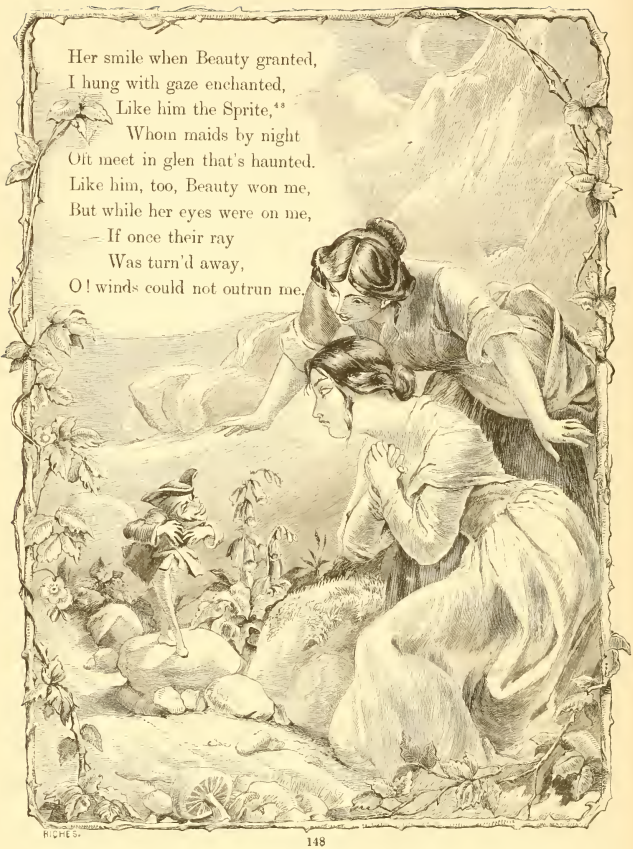
Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouch'd and blowing,
  Than that, whose braid
  Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.

We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.

Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
Who live to weep our fall!

The Time I've lost in Wooing.

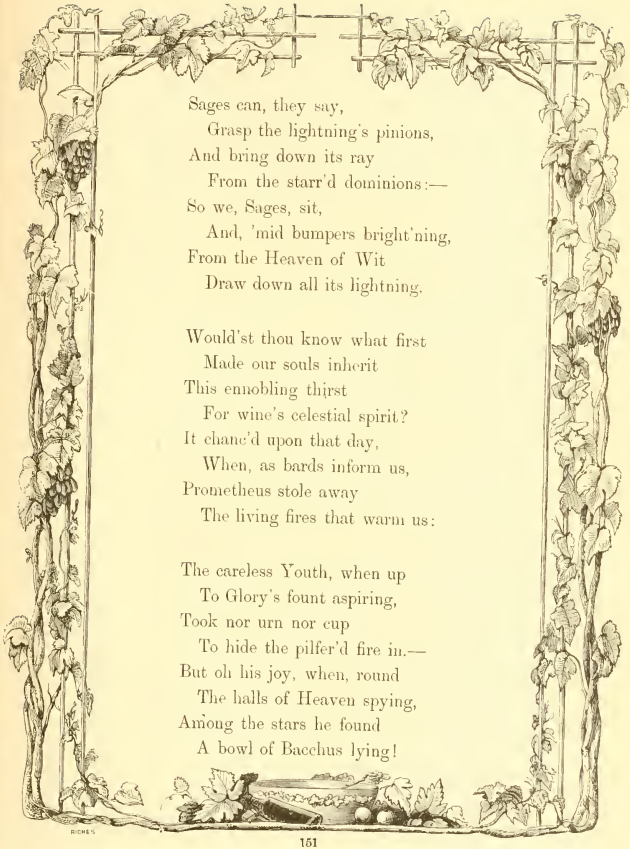
The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly 's all they 've taught me.


Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite,[48]
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
— If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
O! winds could not outrun me.
RICHES

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No, vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

Fill the bumper fair.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.
Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when thro' the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.



Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions:—
So we, Sages, sit,
And, 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanc'd upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of Heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

RICHES

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When half-awaking from fearful slumbers,
He thinks the full quire of heaven is near,—
Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
To such benign, blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort! 't was like the stealing
Of summer wind thro' some wreathed shell—
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell.
'T was whisper'd balm—'t was sunshine spoken!—
I 'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

Though humble the Banquet.

Though humble the banquet to which I invite thee,
Thou 'lt find there the best a poor bard can command:
Eyes, beaming with welcome, shall throng round, to light thee,
And Love serve the feast with his own willing hand.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

'T is that freedom of mind, which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

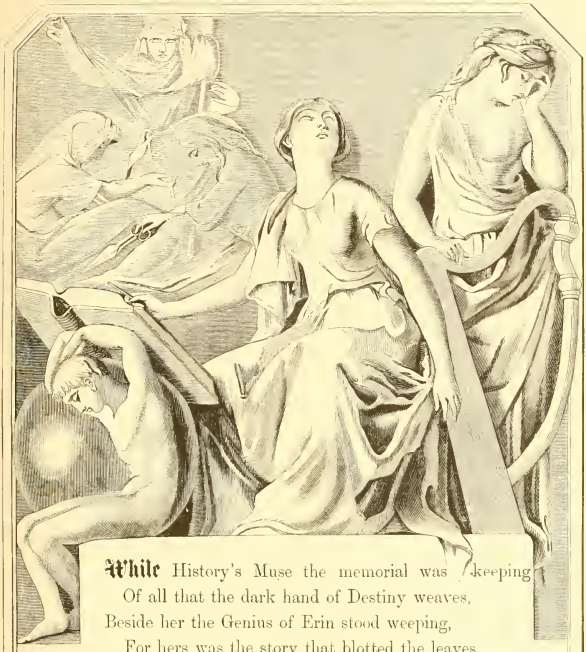
'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereaved,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er received.

Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

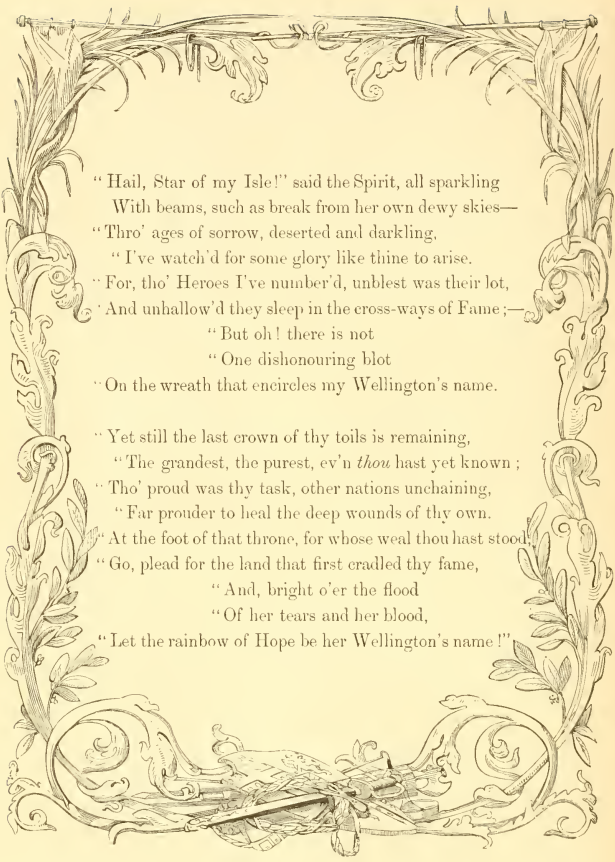
They know not my Heart.

They know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flow'r,
I could harm what I love,—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dew-drop to waste it away.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far:
It *is* not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because Heaven lies there!



While History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves,
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name.



"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams, such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Thro' ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
"I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
"For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
"And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
"But oh! there is not
"One dishonouring blot
"On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
"The grandest, the purest, ev'n *thou* hast yet known;
"Tho' proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
"Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
"At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
"Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,
"And, bright o'er the flood
"Of her tears and her blood,
"Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

'Tis gone, and for ever.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
The dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, thro' all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.[49]

Oh! never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended,
The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee!

But, shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies, caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptiz'd it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss.
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!

Forget not the Field.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
Gone with them, and quench'd in their grave!

Oh! could we from death but recover
Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
That combat for freedom once more;—

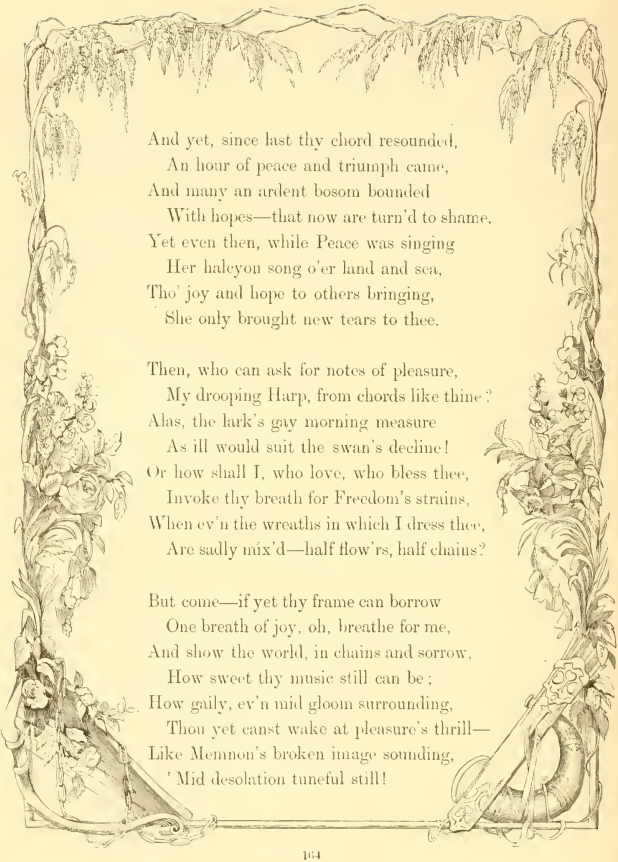
Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which tyranny flung round us then,
No, 'tis not in Man, nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all, who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame.

My gentle Harp.

My gentle Harp, once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But, like those Harps whose heav'nly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken,
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.



And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes—that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while Peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flow'rs, half chains?

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, ev'n mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
'Mid desolation tuneful still!

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 't was leaving.
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle, or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

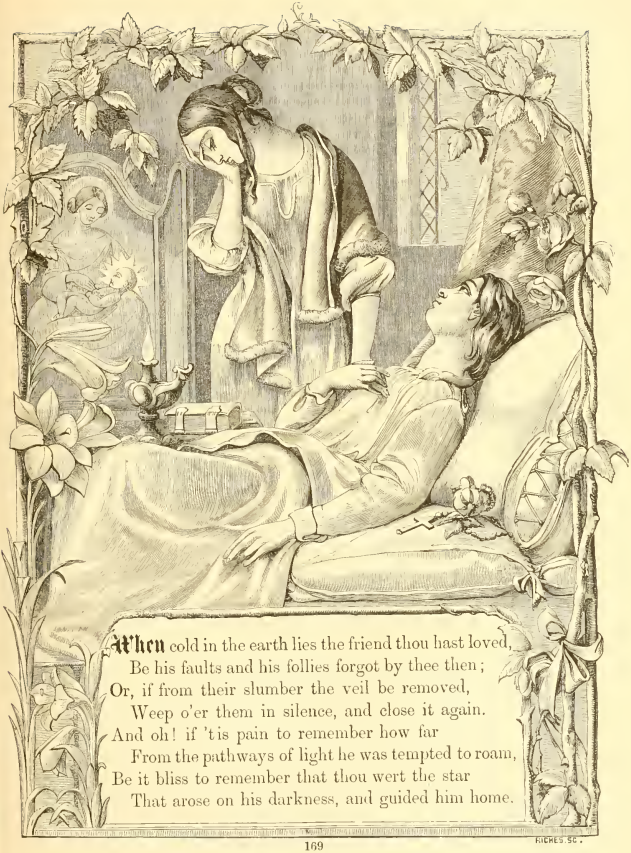
As trav'llers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

In the Morning of Life.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;—
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true.

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid the flowers,
Their sighs have no freshness, their odour no worth;
'T is the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of showers,
That call the rich spirit of fragrancy forth.
So it is not 'mid splendour, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.



When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
Or, if from their slumber the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
And oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
That arose on his darkness, and guided him home.

RICHES SC.

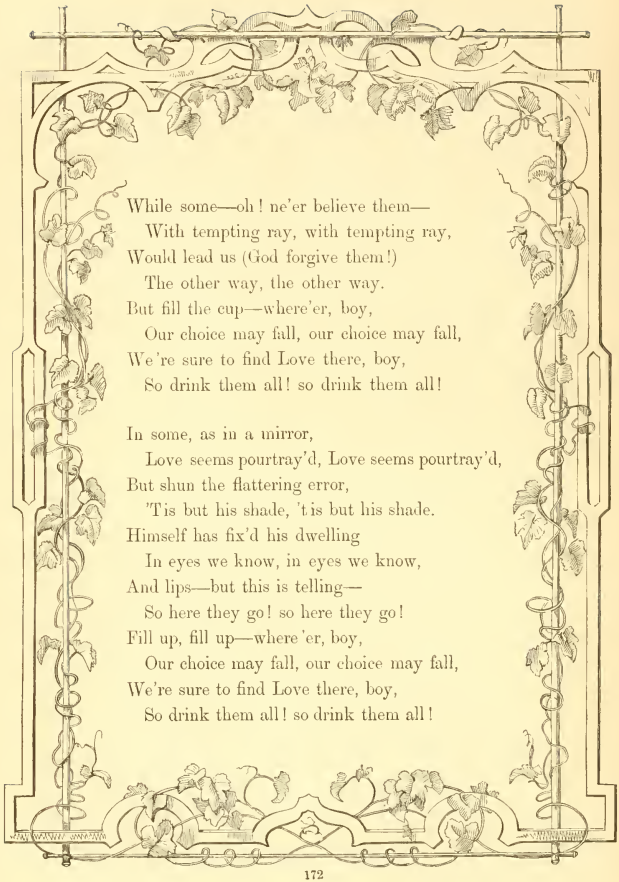
From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings, that taught him true love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

And tho', sometimes, the shades of past folly might rise,
And tho' falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile and rekindled it there.

To Ladies' Eyes.

To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

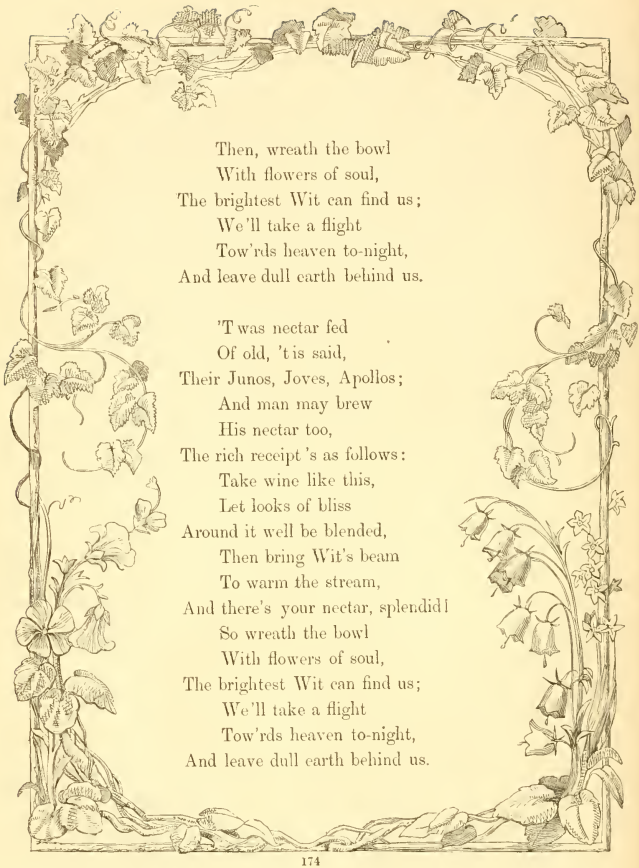
Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As shining beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.



While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems pourtray'd, Love seems pourtray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

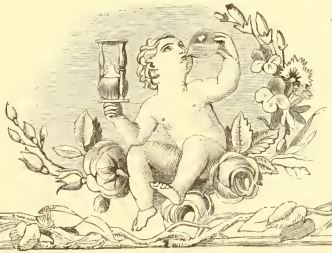
Wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid,
That joy, th'enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear,
While wine is near,
We'll drown him if he stings us.



Then, wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

'T was nectar fed
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt 's as follows:
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Tow'rds heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.



They may rail at this Life.

They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I found it a life full of kindness and bliss;
And, until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such lips and such eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each moment can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,[51]
They've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilight, as lovely as you.

But tho' they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
Why—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

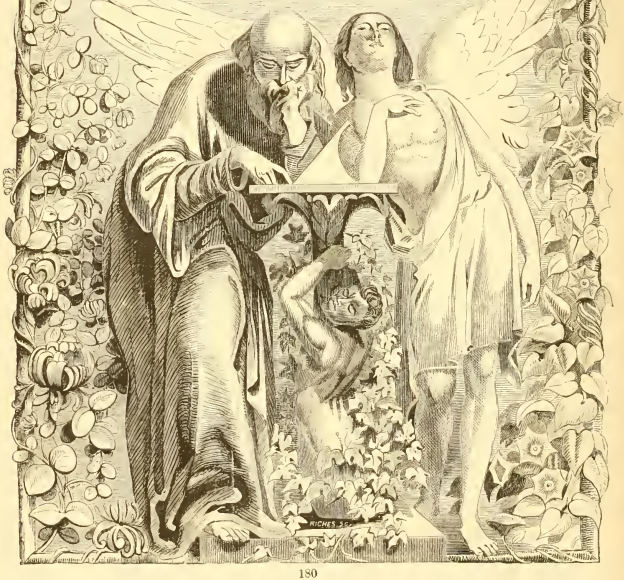
Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Ne'er ask the Hour.

Ne'er ask the hour—what is it to us
How Time deals out his treasures?
The golden moments lent us thus,
Are not *his* coin, but Pleasure's.
If counting them o'er could add to their blisses,
I'd number each glorious second:
But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's kisses,
Too quick and sweet to be reckon'd.
Then fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.

But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup—what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's.



If thou'lt be mine.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth, and sea, shall lie at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds *most* sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream;
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love

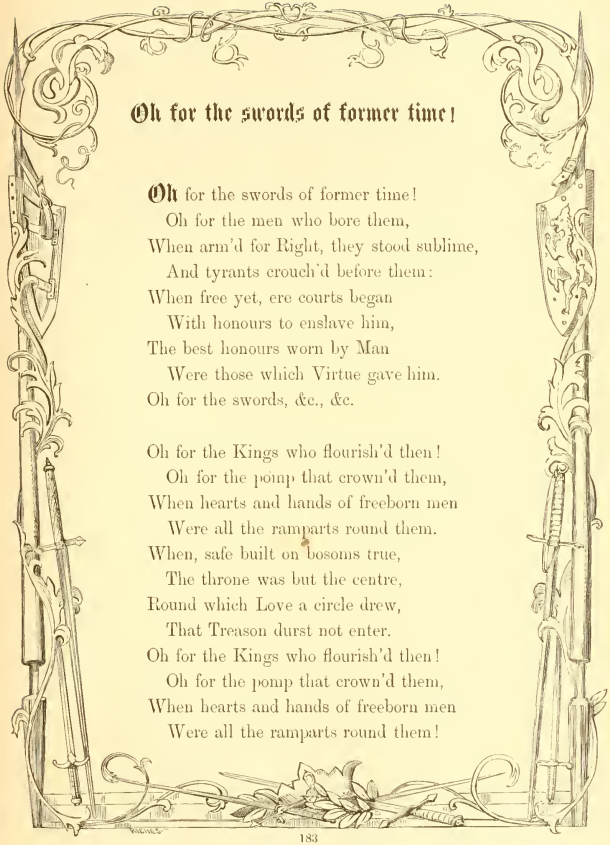
And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams, that come from heaven-ward hills,
Shall keep our hearts, like meads, that lie
To be bathed by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them, who feel his spells;
That heaven, which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou'lt own,—if thou wilt be mine, love!

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.

Whene'er I see those smiling eyes,
So full of hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise,
To dim a heav'n so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart, so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruined hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where 'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind:—
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears
Can never shine so bright again.



Oh for the swords of former time!

Oh for the swords of former time!
Oh for the men who bore them,
When arm'd for Right, they stood sublime,
And tyrants crouch'd before them:
When free yet, ere courts began
With honours to enslave him,
The best honours worn by Man
Were those which Virtue gave him.
Oh for the swords, &c., &c.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them.
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them,
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

Sail on, sail on.

Sail on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
"Though death beneath our smile may be,
"Less cold we are, less false than they,
"Whose smiling wreck'd thy hopes and thee."

Sail on, sail on, through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more:
The stormiest sea 's a resting place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

The Parallel.

Yes, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,[53]
In shame and in sorrow, thy wither'd-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling"
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."[54]

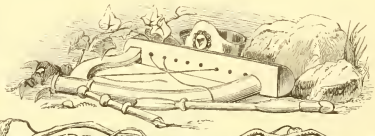
Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee "the Forsaken,"[55]
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City[56]
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And, a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,[57]
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.[58]



Drink of this cup.

Drink of this cup;—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Just taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To Immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it;
Send round the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich hour,
A harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.

There having, by Nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together.
Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 't is n't less potent for being unlawful.
And, ev'n though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden—
Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though as lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead![59] whom we know by the
light you give
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like
men who live,
Why leave you thus your graves,
In far off fields and waves,
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
To haunt this spot where all
Those eyes that wept your fall,
And the hearts that wail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth
are gone;
But still thus ev'n in death;
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wan-
der'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more!

The Fortune-teller.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
And I 'll tell you your fortune truly
As ever 'twas told, by the new-moon's light,
To a young maiden, shining as newly.

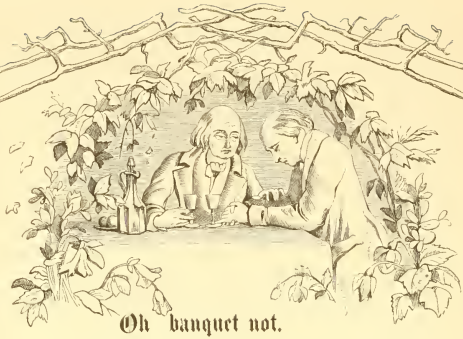
But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
  Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
  Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
  My science shall call up before you
A male apparition,—the image of him
  Whose destiny 't is to adore you.

And if to that phantom you 'll be kind,
  So fondly around you he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
  'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
  He 'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
  You 'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
  As in destiny's book I 've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
  To settle, ere morning, between them.



Oh banquet not.

Oh banquet not in those shining bowers,
Where Youth resorts, but come to me;
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears,
And many a cup in silence pour;
Our guests, the shades of former years,
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.
Or, while some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

Echo.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'T is when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh that 's breath'd for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

Thee, thee, only thee.

The dawning of morn, the daylight's sinking,
The night's long hours still find me thinking
Of thee, thee, only thee.
When friends are met, and goblets crown'd,
And smiles are near, that once enchanted,
Unreach'd by all that sunshine round,
My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
By thee, thee, only thee.

Whatever in fame's high path, could waken
My spirit once, is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores, by which some headlong bark
To th' ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells, that nought on earth can break,
Till lips, that know the charm, have spoken,
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

Quick! we have but a second.

Quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!
Grasp the pleasure that 's flying,
For oh, not Orpheus' strain
Could keep sweet hours from dying,
Or charm them to life again.
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round the cup, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

See the glass, how it flushes,
Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
That thou shouldst delay to sip.

Shame, oh shame unto thee,
If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
And turn untouch'd away!
Then, quick! we have but a second,
Fill round, fill round, while you may;
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
And we must away, away!

I wish I was by that dim Lake.

I wish I was by that dim Lake,
Where sinful souls their farewell take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be;
Where, come what might of gloom and pain,
False hope should ne'er deceive again.

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters falling round;
The dry leaves, quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead!
These, ay, these shall wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, o'ercharged with gloom,
Like willows, downward tow'rds the tomb.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would win repose, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, this heart must grow,
Unmoved by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

Sweet Innisfallen.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine!
How fair thou art let others tell,—
To *feel* how fair shall long be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

'T was light, indeed, too blest for one,
Who had to turn to paths of care—
Through crowded haunts again to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there:

No more unto thy shores to come,
But, on the world's rude ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But thus in shadow, seem'st a place
Where erring man might hope to rest—

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And all the lovelier for thy tears—
For tho' but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is heav'n's own glance when it appears.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
The brightest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

Oh, the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd,
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing,
When hearts are all high beating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose breath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating.

Oh the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing.

Yet, 't is not helm or feather—
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'T is mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

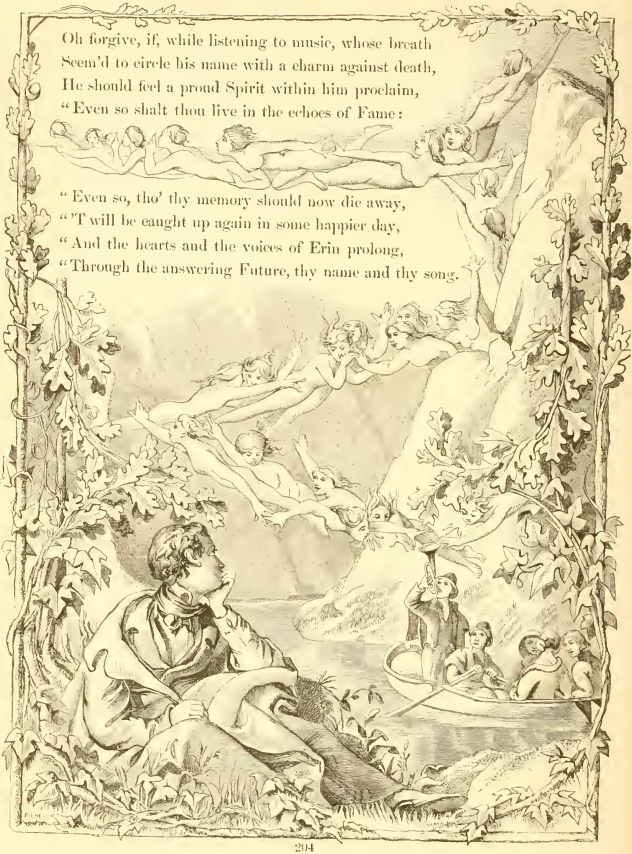
'Twas one of those Dreams.[61]

'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought—
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life, but its sweetness, is gone.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
He had taught to sing Erin's dark bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle, to Glena's wooded shore.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seem'd as if ev'ry sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heav'n in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!


Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:
"Even so, tho' thy memory should now die away,
"'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
"And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
"Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song.

Fairest! put on awhile.

Fairest! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er scenes so full of bloom,
As I shall waft thee over.

Fields, where the Spring delays
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

RICHES.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course thro' air
He hath been won down by them;—[62]
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heav'n, without alighting.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,[63]
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Glens,[64] where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And Harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious—
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious!

And doth not a Meeting like this.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.[65]

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.[66]

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more;
They're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

Shall the Harp then be silent.

Shall the Harp then be silent, when he who first gave
To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
Shall a Minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave
Where the first—where the last of her Patriots lies?

No—faint tho' the death-song may fall from his lips,
Tho' his Harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crost,
Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost;—[67]

What a union of all the affections and powers
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind.

RICHES

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time;

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal?

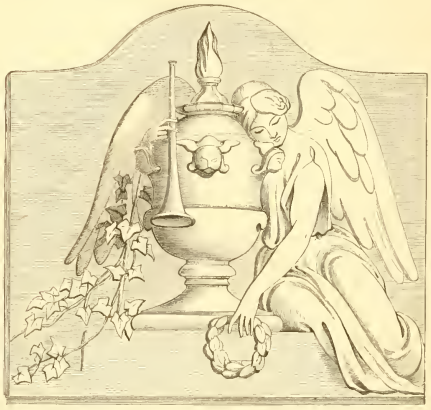
Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown?

An eloquence rich, wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant, with thoughts that
shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life
But at distance observed him—thro' glory, thro' blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same,—

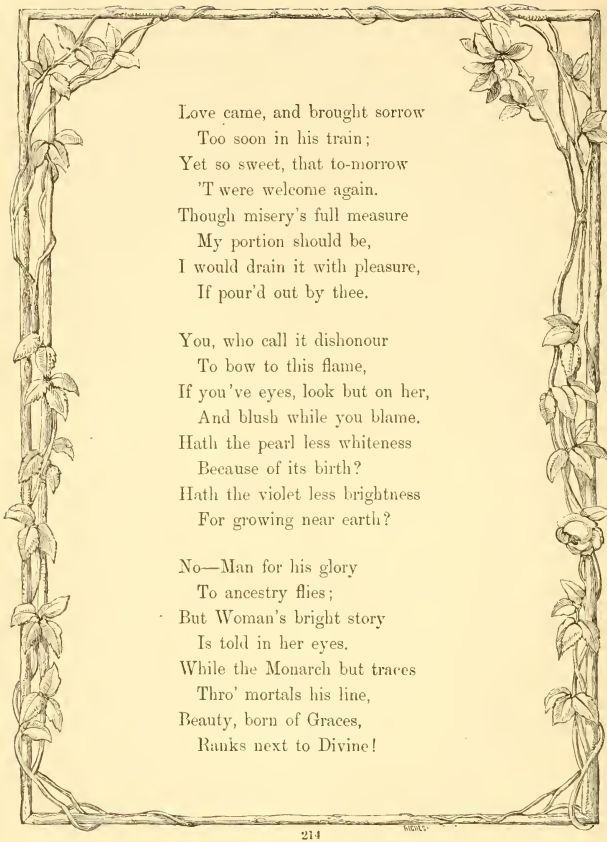
Oh no, not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!



RICHES

Desmond's Song.[68]

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whisper'd o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me,
If I loved, I was lost.



Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'T were welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

I've a Secret to tell thee.

I've a secret to tell thee, but hush! not here,—
Oh! not where the world its vigil keeps:
I'll seek, to whisper it in thine ear,
Some shore where the Spirit of Silence sleeps;
Where summer's wave unmurmuring dies,
Nor fay can hear the fountain's gush;
Where, if but a note her night-bird sighs,
The rose saith, chidingly, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

There, amid the deep silence of that hour,
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy,[69] who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus,—his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

The Mountain Sprite.

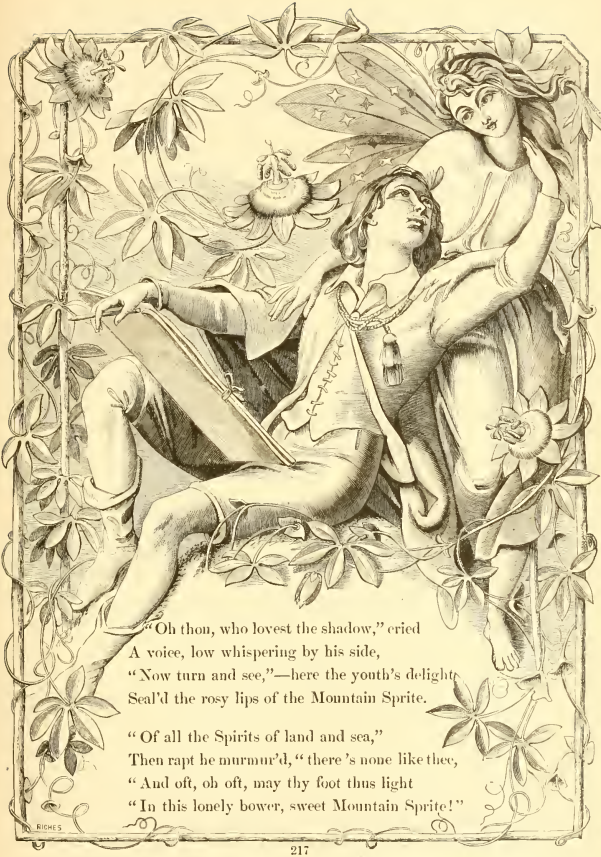
In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
A youth, whose moments had calmly flown,
Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
He was haunted and watch'd by a Mountain Sprite.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight—
'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror the Mountain Sprite.

He turn'd, but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled—and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.



"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whispering by his side,
"Now turn and see,"—here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there 's none like thee,
"And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
"In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

As vanquish'd Erin.

As vanquish'd Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropp'd his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venom'd darts,
"Where mortal eye may shun you;
"Lie hid—the stain of manly hearts,
"That bled for me, is on you."

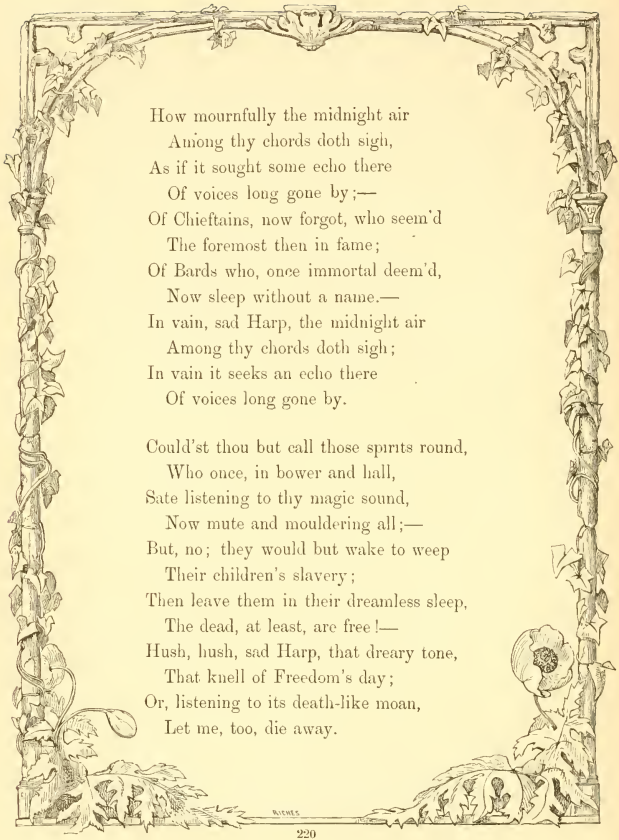
But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.

"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

Sing, sweet Harp.

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me
Some song of ancient days,
Whose sounds, in this sad memory,
Long buried dreams shall raise;—
Some lay that tells of vanish'd fame,
Whose light once round us shone;
Of noble pride, now turn'd to shame,
And hopes for ever gone.—
Sing, sad Harp, thus sing to me;
Alike our doom is cast,
Both lost to all but memory,
We live but in the past.



How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by;—
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who seem'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name.—
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round,
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate listening to thy magic sound,
Now mute and mouldering all;—
But, no; they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery;
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The dead, at least, are free!—
Hush, hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day;
Or, listening to its death-like moan,
Let me, too, die away.

She sung of Love.

She sung of Love, while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And play'd around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If Love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And, when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heav'n's were one,
The glory all had left that frame:
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.[70]

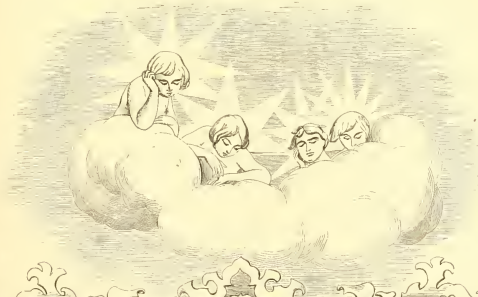
Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart—
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
"Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
"And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

The Night Dance.

Strike the gay harp! see the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the ocean,
Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call, and heave into motion.
Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest!
Again! Again!

Oh! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that City of Statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers!

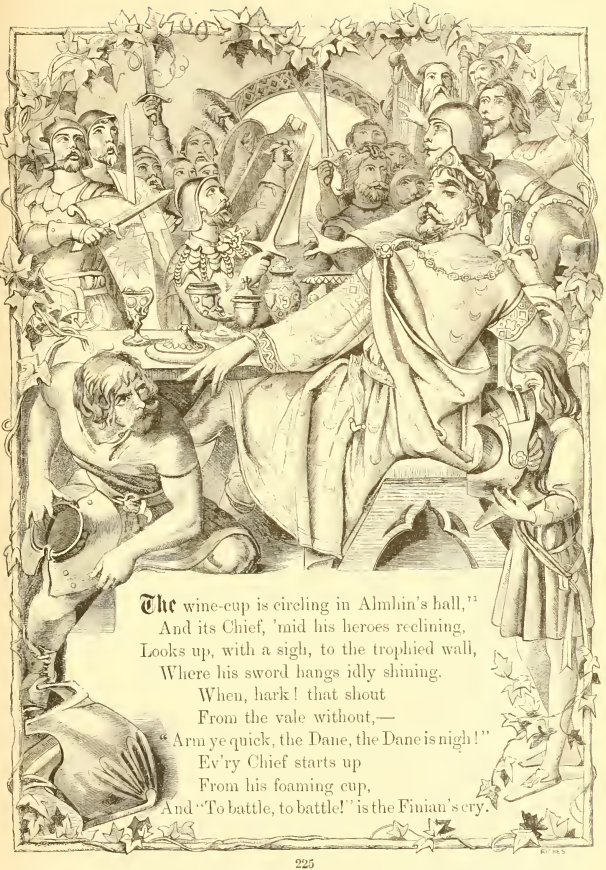
Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us,—
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain!—to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding—
Again! Again!
Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the Hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!



From this Hour the Pledge is given.

From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine:
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine.
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And if now they 're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?
No;—whate'er the fires that try thee,
In the same this heart shall burn.

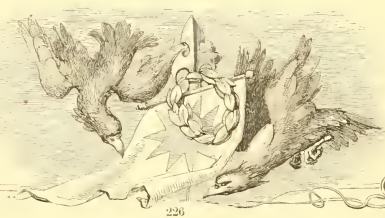
Tho' the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou 'lt again break forth, all beaming,
None so bright, so blest as thou!



The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall,"
And its Chief, 'mid his heroes reclining,
Looks up, with a sigh, to the trophied wall,
Where his sword hangs idly shining.
When, hark! that shout
From the vale without,—
"Arm ye quick, the Dane, the Dane is nigh!"
Ev'ry Chief starts up
From his foaming cup,
And "To battle, to battle!" is the Finian's cry.

The minstrels have seized their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
'T is like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang,
As the minstrel sang,
And the Sun-burst[72] o'er them floated wide;
While rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward moved, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock,
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout, that last
O'er the dying pass'd,
Was "victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.



I saw from the Beach.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known·
Each wave, that we danc'd on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first wak'd a new life thro' his frame,
And his soul, like the wood, that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame.

The Dream of those Days.

The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er,
Thy triumph hath stain'd the charm thy sorrows then wore;
And ev'n of the light which Hope once shed o'er thy chains,
Alas, not a gleam to grace thy freedom remains.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, tho' chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd?

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy tread!
Ah, better thou ne'er had'st lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

Song of the Battle Eve.

TIME—THE NINTH CENTURY.

To-morrow, comrade, we
On the battle-plain must be,
There to conquer, or both lie low!
The morning star is up,—
But there's wine still in the cup,
And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy, go;
We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'T is true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet's weeping too!
With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
With its tears we'll chase away our own.

But daylight's stealing on;—
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play;
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away;
No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

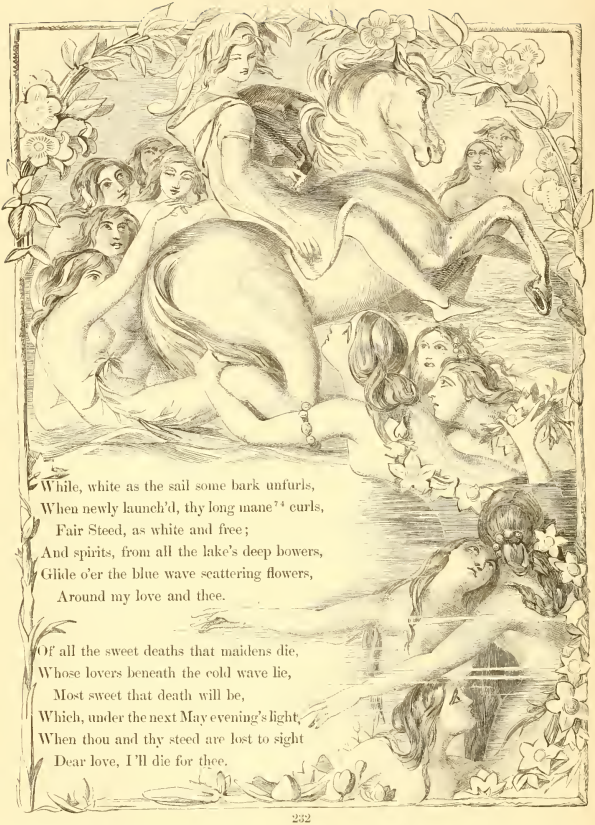
Let those, who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane,
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

O'Donohue's Mistress.

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, thou 'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him[73]
Who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, most joy to thee;
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.



While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane[74] curls,
Fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight
Dear love, I'll die for thee.

The Wandering Bard.

What life like that of the bard can be,—
The wandering bard, who roams as free
As the mountain lark that o'er him sings,
And, like that lark, a music brings
Within him, where'er he comes or goes,—
A fount that for ever flows!
The world 's to him like some play-ground,
Where fairies dance their moonlight round;—
If dimm'd the turf where late they trod,
The elves but seek some greener sod;
So, when less bright his scene of glee,
To another away flies he!

Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die!

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time, he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are given,—
And down he'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he's wanting on earth!

Sing—Sing—Music was given.

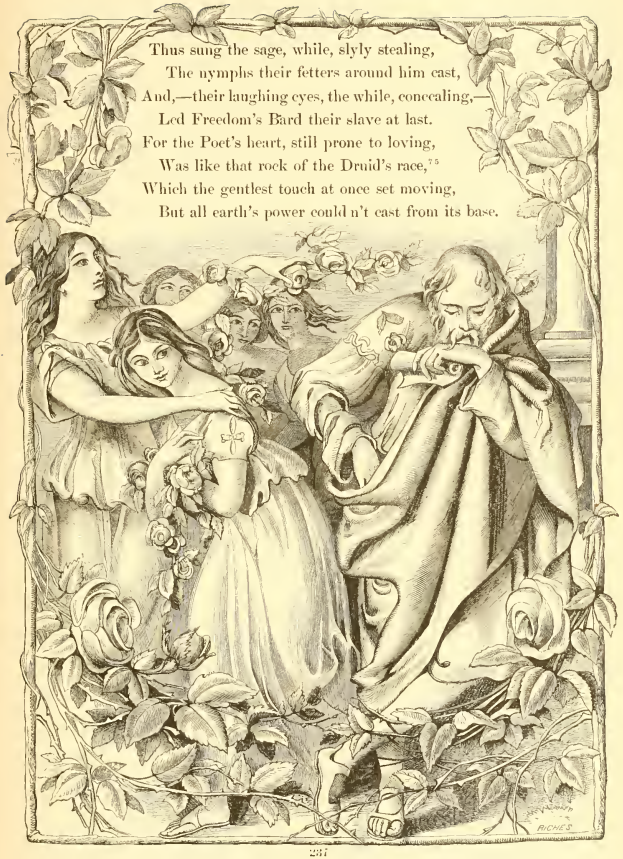
Sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lips his true archery wings;
And she, who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rock'd by his mother,
Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
"Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while
Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
Then sing—sing—Music was given,
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in Heaven,
By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

There are sounds of Mirth.

There are sounds of mirth in the night-air ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say "Come," in every tone.
Ah! once how light, in Life's young season,
My heart had leap'd at that sweet lay;
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
Should I the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude controul,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?


Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid's race,[75]
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could n't cast from its base.

Song of Innisfail.

They came from a land beyond the sea,
And now o'er the western main
Set sail, in their good ships, gallantly,
From the sunny land of Spain.
"Oh, where's the Isle we've seen in dreams,
"Our destin'd home or grave?"[76]
Thus sung they as, by the morning's beams,
They swept the Atlantic wave.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light through the wave was seen.
"'T is Innisfail—'t is Innisfail!"[77]
Rings o'er the echoing sea;
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.

Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

Alone in Crowds to wander on.

Alone in crowds to wander on,
And feel that all the charm is gone
Which voices dear and eyes beloved
Shed round us once, where'er we roved—
This, this the doom must be
Of all who've loved, and lived to see
The few bright things they thought would stay
For ever near them, die away.

Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.

Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

Oh, what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her art cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold?
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore.

Oh! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee,
And of those days when, by thy shore,
I wander'd young and free.

Full many a path I've tried, since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;—[78]

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene,—
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth,—
As sunny and as vain.

Oh, could we do with this World of ours.

Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!
So bright a dwelling should be our own,
So warranted free from sigh or frown,
That angels soon would be coming down,
By the week or month to take it

Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
Whenever they wish to use it;
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hovering near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
  Such shadows will all be omitted:—
Unless they 're like that graceful one,
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
  Each spot where it hath flitted!

"Silence is in our Festal Halls."

Silence is in our festal halls,—
  Sweet Son of Song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls,
  Her minstrel's voice responds no more;—
All silent as th' Eolian shell
  Sleeps at the close of some bright day,
When the sweet breeze, that waked its swell
  At sunny morn, hath died away.

Yet, at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awaked by music's spell, shall rise;
For, name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies;
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echoed there, shall long be given.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He, who now weaves this parting lay,
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame,—
Or, if thy bard have shared the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

Lay his sword by his side,—it hath served him too well [80]
Not to rest near his pillow below;
To the last moment true, from his hand ere it fell
Its point was still turn'd to a flying foe.
Fellow-lab'rers in life, let them slumber in death,
Side by side, as becomes the reposing brave,—
That sword which he loved still unbroke in its sheath,
And himself unsubdued in his grave.

Yet pause—for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breathed from his brave heart's remains;—
Faint echo of that which, in Slavery's ear,
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
"Oh leave not his sword thus inglorious to sleep,—
"It hath victory's life in it yet!

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
"Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
"Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
"Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
"But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath learn'd the proud use
"Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle-plain,—
"Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
"Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

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PREFIXED TO THE

FIRST AND SECOND NUMBERS.

THOUGH the beauties of the National Music of Ireland have been very generally felt and acknowledged, yet it has happened, through the want of appropriate English words, and of the arrangement necessary to adapt them to the voice, that many of the most excellent compositions have hitherto remained in obscurity. It is intended, therefore, to form a Collection of the best Original IRISH MELODIES, with characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments; and with Words containing, as frequently as possible, allusions to the manners and history of the country. Sir JOHN STEVENSON has very kindly consented to undertake the arrangement of the Airs; and the lovers of Simple National Music may rest secure, that in such tasteful hands, the native charms of the original melody will not be sacrificed to the ostentation of science.

In the poetical Part, promises of assistance have been received from several distinguished Literary Characters; particularly from Mr. MOORE, whose lyrical talent is so peculiarly suited to such a task, and whose zeal in the undertaking will be best understood from the following Extract of a Letter which he has addressed to Sir JOHN STEVENSON on the subject: —

I feel very anxious that a work of this kind should be undertaken. We have too long neglected the only talent for which our English neighbours ever deigned to allow us any credit. Our National Music has never been properly collected*; and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas with Melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment — we have left these treasures, in a great degree, unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, have, for want of protection at home, passed into the service of foreigners. But we are come, I hope, to a better period of both Politics and Music;

* The writer forgot, when he made this assertion, that the public are indebted to Mr. BUNTING for a very valuable collection of Irish Music; and that the patriotic genius of Miss OWENSON has been employed upon some of our finest airs.

and how much they are connected, in Ireland at least, appears too plainly in the tone of sorrow and depression which characterises most of our early Songs.

The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to these airs, is by no means easy. The Poet, who would follow the various sentiments which they express, must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity, which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their Music. Even in their liveliest strains we find some melancholy note intrude,—some minor Third or flat Seventh,—which throws its shade as it passes, and makes even mirth interesting. If BURNS had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon OSSIAN for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal.

Another difficulty (which is, however, purely mechanical) arises from the irregular structure of many of those airs, and the lawless kind of metre which it will in consequence be necessary to adapt to them. In these instances the Poet must write, not to the eye, but to the ear; and must be content to have his verses of that description which CICERO mentions, "*Quos si cantu spoliaveris nuda remanebit oratio.*" That beautiful Air, "The Twisting of the Rope," which has all the romantic character of the Swiss *Ranz des Vaches*,

is one of those wild and sentimental rakes which it will not be very easy to tie down in sober wedlock with Poetry. However, notwithstanding all these difficulties, and the very little talent which I can bring to surmount them, the design appears to me so truly National, that I shall feel much pleasure in giving it all the assistance in my power.

Leicestershire, Feb., 1807.

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TO THE

THIRD NUMBER

IN presenting the Third Number of this work to the Public, the Publisher begs leave to offer his acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage with which it has been honoured; and to express a hope that the unabated zeal of those who have hitherto so admirably conducted it, will enable him to continue it through many future Numbers with equal spirit, variety, and taste. The stock of popular Melodies is far from being exhausted; and there is still in reserve an abundance of beautiful Airs, which call upon Mr. MOORE, in the language he so well understands, to save them from the oblivion to which they are hastening.

LETTER ON MUSIC,

TO

THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGAL.

PREFIXED TO THE THIRD NUMBER.

WHILE the Publisher of these Melodies very properly inscribes them to the Nobility and Gentry of Ireland in general, I have much pleasure in selecting *one* from that number, to whom *my* share of the work is particularly dedicated. Though your Ladyship has been so long absent from Ireland, I know that you remember it well and warmly—that you have not allowed the charm of English society, like the taste of the lotus, to produce oblivion of your country, but that even the humble tribute which I offer derives its chief claim upon your interest from the appeal which it makes to your patriotism. Indeed, absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the country, of all others, which an exile from it must remember with most enthusiasm. Those few darker

and less amiable traits with which bigotry and misrule have stained her character, and which are too apt to disgust us upon a nearer intercourse, become softened at a distance, or altogether invisible; and nothing is remembered but her virtues and her misfortunes—the zeal with which she has always loved liberty, and the barbarous policy which has always withheld it from her—the ease with which her generous spirit might be conciliated, and the cruel ingenuity which has been exerted to "wring her into undutifulness."*

It has been often remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off, or forget, the wrongs which lie upon it,—such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are even many airs, which it is difficult to listen to, without recall-

*A phrase which occurs in a Letter from the Earl of Desmond to he Earl of Ormond, in Elizabeth's time,—*Scrinia Sacra*, as quoted by Curry.

ing some period or event to which their expression seems applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose,* marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth—like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated; and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile,† mingling sad regret for the ties he leaves at home, with

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*There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in "The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose" (1660). See particularly, for the conduct of an Irishman at the battle of Aberdeen, chap. vi. p. 49; and for a tribute to the bravery of Colonel O'Kyan, chap. vii. 55. Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of his miraculous success to the small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

†The associations of the Hindu music, though more obvious and defined, were far less touching and characteristic. They divided their songs according to the seasons of the year, by which (says Sir William Jones) "they were able to recall the memory of autumnal merriment,

sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad —such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion* that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us,

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at the close of the harvest, or of separation and melancholy during the cold months," &c.—*Asiatic Transactions*, vol. iii, on the Musical Modes of the Hindus.—What the Abbé du Bos says of the symphonies of Lully, may be asserted, with much more probability of our bold and impassioned airs—"elles auroient produit de ces effets, qui nous paroissent fabuleux dans le récit des anciens, si on les avoit fait entendre à des hommes d'un naturel aussi vif que les Athéniens."—*Reflex. sur la Peinture, &c.*, tom. i. sect. 45.

*Dissertation, prefixed to the 2d volume of his Scottish Ballads.

for some of our melodies, to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few, of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage Ceanans, Cries,* &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise;† that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks,‡ or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the North of Ireland.§

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counter-point;||

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*Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's Work upon the Irish bards. Mr. Bunting has disfigured his last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodies.

†See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

‡O'Halloran, vol. i. part iv. chap. vii.

§Id. ib. chap. vi.

||It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood

and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates, with such elaborate praise, upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew any thing of the artifice of counter-point. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited, with much more plausibility, to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;* yet I believe it is conceded in general by the

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the diésis, or enharmonic interval.—The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mersenne (Préludes de l'Harmonie, quest. 7.), that the theory of Music would be imperfect without it; and even in practice (as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks, Observations on Florid Song, chap. i. sect. 16.), there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the piano-forte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

*The words ποικιλια and ἑτεροφωνια, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero in Fragment., lib. ii. de Republ., induced the Abbé Fraguier to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counter-point. M. Burette, however, has answered him, I think, satisfactorily. (Examen d'un Passage de Platon, in the 3d vol. of Histoire

learned, that, however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern Science to transmit the "light of Song" through the variegating prism of Harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting,*) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention

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de l'Acad.) M. Huet is of opinion (Pensées Diverses), that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages, which I recollect, in favour of the supposition, occurs in the Treatise attributed to Aristotle—Περι Κοσμου, Μουσικη δε οξειε ἁμα και βαρειε, κ. τ. λ.

*Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call, consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear, that I have surrendered it to the critic with no small reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule?—I have been told that there are instances in Haydn, of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp* were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,† our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counter-point.

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*A singular oversight occurs in an Essay upon the Irish Harp, by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to Walker's Historical Memoirs:—"The Irish (says he) according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II. had two kinds of Harps, 'Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundum:' the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing."—How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning, and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract, is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton; and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the words of the old Chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ filia, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et choro Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, *quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam*, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, *efficiunt harmoniam*."—Hist. Angelic. Script. page 1075. I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Bunting's last Work, has adopted it implicitly.

† The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our Saints, and the learned Dempster was for this offence called "The Saint Stealer." It was an

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still keeps its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Germiniani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners, so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,* and the

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Irishman, I suppose, who, by way of reprisal, stole Dempster's beautiful wife from him at Pisa.—See this anecdote in the *Pinacotheca* of Erythræus, part i. p. 25.

*Among other false refinements of the art, our music (with the exception perhaps of the air called "Mamma, Mamma," and one or two more of the same ludicrous description,) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c., which disgraces so often the works of even Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation.—*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie.* The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet, in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget,"* the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it—and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe, that in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that I would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy, as the most zealous antiquary may be enclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of people so ardent and suscepti-

* Virgil, Æneid, lib. vi. verse 204.

ble, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these Melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than for their sense. Yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry, if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country, by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,*

*See Letters, under the signatures of Timæus, &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustin),* from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England,—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness—like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered†—to such men I shall not deign to offer an apology for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do, any appeal to the passions of an igno-

*"Non accuso verba, quasi vasa electa atque pretiosa; sed vinum erroris quod cum eis nobis propinatur."—Lib. i. Confess. chap. 16.

† This emblem of modern bigots was head-butler (τραπεζοποιος) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* lib. i.

rant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the piano-fortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their natural zeal a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defense of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science, in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me, that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task, which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious.

Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music and, far from agree-

ing with those fastidious critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, as having lost its charm of novelty for the year, it returns, in a harmonised shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independently of the rest—so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

If your Ladyship's love of Music were not known to me, I should not have hazarded so long a letter upon the subject; but as, probably, I may have presumed too far upon your partiality, the best revenge you can take is to write me just as long a letter upon Painting; and I promise

to attend to your theory of the art, with a pleasure only surpassed by that which I have so often derived from your practice of it.—May the mind which such talents adorn continue calm as it is bright, and happy as it is virtuous!

Believe me, your Ladyship's
Grateful Friend and Servant,
THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH NUMBER.

THIS Number of the MELODIES ought to have appeared much earlier; and the writer of the words is ashamed to confess, that the delay of its publication must be imputed chiefly, if not entirely, to him. He finds it necessary to make this avowal, not only for the purpose of removing all blame from the Publisher, but in consequence of a rumour which has been circulated industriously in Dublin, that the Irish Government had interfered to prevent the continuance of the Work.

This would be, indeed, a revival of HENRY the EIGHTH's enactments against Minstrels, and it is flattering to find that so much importance is attached to our compilation, even by such persons as the inventors of the report. Bishop

Lowth, it is true, was of opinion, that *one* song, like the *Hymn* to *Harmodius*, would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than *all* the Philippics of Cicero. But we live in wiser and less musical times: ballads have long lost their revolutionary powers; and we question if even a "Lillibullero" would produce any very *serious* consequences at present. It is needless, therefore, to add, that there is no truth in the report; and we trust that whatever belief it obtained was founded rather upon the character of *the Government* than of *the Work*.

The Airs of the last Number, though full of originality and beauty, were, perhaps, in general, too curiously selected to become all at once as popular as, we think, they deserve to be. The Public are remarkably reserved towards new acquaintances in music, which, perhaps, is one of the reasons why many modern composers introduce none but old friends to their notice. Indeed, it is natural that persons, who love music only by association, should be slow in feeling the charms of a new and strange melody; while those, who have a quick sensibility for this enchanting art, will as naturally seek and enjoy novelty, because in every variety of strain they find a fresh combination of ideas; and the sound has scarcely reached the ear, before the heart has rapidly translated it into sentiment. After all, however, it cannot be denied that the most popular of our National

Airs are also the most beautiful; and it has been our wish in the present Number, to select from those Melodies only which have long been listened to and admired. The least known in the collection is the Air of "*Love's Young Dream;*" but it is one of those easy, artless strangers, whose merit the heart acknowledges instantly.

T. M.

Bury Street, St. James's,
Nov. 1811.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIFTH NUMBER.

IT is but fair to those, who take an interest in this Work, to state that it is now very near its termination, and that the Sixth Number, which shall speedily appear, will, most probably, be the last of the series. Three volumes will then have been completed, according to the original plan, and the Proprietors desire me to say that a List of Subscribers will be published with the concluding Number.

It is not so much from a want of materials, and still less from any abatement of zeal or industry, that we have adopted the resolution of bringing our task to a close; but we feel so proud, for our country's sake and our own, of the interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by any ill-judged protraction of its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any longer trial of the charm, or give so much as not to

leave some wish for more. In speaking thus, I allude entirely to the Airs, which are, of course, the main attraction of these Volumes; and though we have still many popular and delightful Melodies to produce*, yet it cannot be denied that we should soon experience some difficulty in equalling the richness and novelty of the earlier numbers, for which, as we had the choice of all before us, we naturally selected only the most rare and beautiful. The Poetry, too, would be sure to sympathise with the decline of the Music; and, however feebly my words have kept pace with the *excellence* of the Airs, they would follow their *falling off*, I fear, with wonderful alacrity. So that, altogether, both pride and prudence counsel us to stop, while the Work is yet, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and in the imperial attitude "*stantes mori*," before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same.

We beg, however, to say, it is only in the event of our failing to find Airs as exquisite as most of those we have given, that we mean thus to anticipate the natural period of dissolution—like those Indians who put their relatives

* Among these is *Savourna Deelish*, which I have hitherto only withheld from the diffidence I feel in treading upon the same ground with Mr. Campbell, whose beautiful words to this fine Air have taken too strong possession of all ears and hearts, for me to think of producing any impression after him. I suppose, however, I must attempt it for the next Number.

to death when they become feeble—and they who wish to retard this Euthanasia of the Irish Melodies, cannot better effect it than by contributing to our collection, not what are called curious Airs, for we have abundance of them, and they are, in general, *only* curious, but any real sweet and expressive Songs of our Country, which either chance or research may have brought into their hands.

T. M.

Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne,
December, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SIXTH NUMBER.

N presenting this Sixth Number to the Public as our last, and bidding adieu to the Irish Harp for ever, we shall not answer very confidently for the strength of our resolution, nor feel quite sure that it may not prove, after all, to be only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally. Our only motive, indeed, for discontinuing the Work was a fear that our treasures were nearly exhausted, and an unwillingness to descend to the gathering of mere seed-

pearl, after the very valuable gems it has been our lot to string together. The announcement, however, of this intention, in our Fifth Number, has excited a degree of anxiety in the lovers of Irish Music, not only pleasant and flattering, but highly useful to us; for the various contributions we have received in consequence have enriched our collection with so many choice and beautiful Airs, that if we keep to our resolution of publishing no more, it will certainly be an instance of forbearance and self-command, unexampled in the history of poets and musicians. To one Gentleman in particular, who has been many years resident in England, but who has not forgot, among his various pursuits, either the language or the melodies of his native country, we beg to offer our best thanks for the many interesting communications with which he has favoured us; and we trust that he and our other friends will not relax in those efforts by which we have been so considerably assisted; for, though the work must now be considered as defunct, yet—as Reaumur, the naturalist, found out the art of making the cicada sing after it was dead—it is not impossible that, some time or other, we may try a similar experiment upon the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

Mayfield, Ashbourne,
March, 1815.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

SEVENTH NUMBER.

IF I had consulted only my own judgment, this Work would not have extended beyond the Six Numbers already published; which contain, perhaps, the flower of our national melodies, and have attained a rank in public favour, of which I would not willingly risk the forfeiture, by degenerating, in any way, from those merits that were its source. Whatever treasures of our music were still in reserve, (and it will be seen, I trust, that they are numerous and valuable,) I would gladly have left to future poets to glean, and, with the ritual words "*tibi trado*," would have delivered up the torch into other hands, before it had lost much of its light in my own. But the call for a continuance of the work has been, as I under-

stand from the Publisher, so general, and we have received so many contributions of old and beautiful airs,* the suppression of which, for the enhancement of those we have published, would resemble too much the policy of the Dutch in burning their spices, that I have been persuaded, though not without considerable diffidence in my success, to commence a new series of the Irish Melodies.

T. M.

* One Gentleman, in particular, whose name I shall feel happy in being allowed to mention, has not only sent us nearly forty ancient airs, but has communicated many curious fragments of Irish poetry, and some interesting traditions current in the country where he resides, illustrated by sketches of the romantic scenery to which they refer; all of which, though too late for the present Number, will be of infinite service to us in the prosecution of our task.

DEDICATION

TO

THE MARCHIONESS OF HEADFORT,

PREFIXED TO THE

TENTH NUMBER.

IT is with a pleasure, not unmixed with melancholy, that I dedicate the last Number of the Irish Melodies to your Ladyship; nor can I have any doubt that the feelings with which you receive the tribute will be of the same mingled and saddened tone. To you, who though but little beyond the season of childhood, when the earlier numbers of this work appeared, lent the aid of your beautiful voice, and, even then, exquisite feeling for music, to the happy circle who met, to sing them together, under your father's roof, the gratification, whatever it may be, which this humble offering brings, cannot be otherwise than darkened by the mournful reflection, how many of the voices which then joined with ours are now silent in death!

I am not without hope that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find this closing portion of the work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The Sixteen Airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consist, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish music which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs which follow this Tenth Number have been added.

Trusting that I may yet again, in remembrance of old times, hear our voices together in some of the harmonized airs of this Volume, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's faithful Friend and Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,
May, 1834.

MOORE'S

AMERICAN POEMS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

WILLIAM RICHES.

POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

PREFACE.

THE Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made subsequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very injudiciously arranged; any distinctive character they may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied; and all the Poems relating to my Transatlantic voyage will be found classed by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas, has been left hitherto to be traced confusedly through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course

of that journey might not be unacceptable,—together with such vestiges as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the background of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the Phaeton frigate, I am indebted to the Naval Recollections of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. "We were soon ready," says this gentleman, "for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and his suite embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September (1803), and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In this situation, the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's Poems."

During the voyage, I dined very frequently with the officers of the gunroom; and it was not a little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman's volume, that the cordial regard these social and open-hearted men inspired in me was not wholly unreturned, on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, Captain Scott says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton, under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore;"—then, adding some kind compliments on the score of talents, &c., he concludes with a sentence which it gave me tenfold more pleasure to read,—"The gunroom mess witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow." From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul, Colonel Hamilton, I proceeded, in the Driver sloop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youthful sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall,—then a midshipman on board the Leander. In his Fragments of Voyages and Travels, this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscenses of that period; in perusing which,—so full of life and reality are his sketches,—I found all my own naval recollections brought freshly to my mind. The very names of the different ships, then so familiar to my ears,—the Leander, the Boston, the Cambrian,—transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far too much value to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious I must feel of but ill deserving the praise he lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I pretend to be at all indifferent to such kind tributes;—on the contrary, those are always the most alive to praise, who feel inwardly least confidence in the soundness of their own title to it. In the present instance, however, my vanity (for so this uneasy feeling is always called) seeks its food in a different direction. It is not as a poet I invoke the aid of Captain Hall's opinion, but as a traveller and observer; it is not to my invention I ask him to bear testimony, but to my matter of fact.

"The most pleasing and most exact description which I know

of Bermuda," says this gentleman, "is to be found in Moore's Odes and Epistles, a work published many years ago. The reason why his account excels in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervor which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention."[1]

How truly politic it is in a poet to connect his verse with well-known and interesting localities,—to wed his song to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which encircles them,—I have myself, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as I learn with pleasure and pride, still keep me remembered in some of those beautiful regions of

the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and imperishableness to which, in itself, it boasts no claim or pretension. The following lines, in one of my Bermudian Poems,

> 'Twas there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
> With a few who could feel and remember like me,

still live in memory, I am told, on those fairy shores, connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble old tree which I believe still adorns it. One of the few treasures (of *any* kind) I possess, is a goblet formed of one of the fruit shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, very kindly presented to me; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears:—"To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who," &c. &c.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of June, 1804, I set out from that city on a tour through part of the States. At Washington, I passed

some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry; and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him—much to that formal minister's horror—when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event not to be forgotten.

At Philadelphia, the society I was chiefly made acquainted with, and to which (as the verses addressed to "Delaware's green banks" sufficiently testify) I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States, consisted entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities, of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have re-

ceived, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject. All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and earnestness of the actual impressions, whether true or erroneous, under which my Epistles from the United States were written; and so strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all skeptical as to the soundness of that Liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period—at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country—could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth, in that wonderful region, of, at least, the materials of civilization,—however ultimately they may be turned to account,—this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample testimony. Though little better,

at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of "Poet,"—however unworthily in that instance bestowed,—bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario,[2] in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighborhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again.[3] It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and

wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the shape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and

whose tranquillity and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lent it an interest which I thus tried to avail myself of, in a Song of the Spirit of that region:[4]

There, amid the island sedge,
Just above the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit at close of day, &c. &c.

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which, I understand, no longer exists, was the interesting settlement of the Tuscarora Indians. With the gallant Brock,[5] who then commanded at Fort George, I passed the greater part of my time during the few weeks I remained at Niagara; and a visit I paid to these Indians, in company with him and his brother officers, on his going to distribute among them the customary presents and prizes, was not the least curious of the many new scenes I witnessed. These people received us in all their ancient costume. The young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat game, and other sports, while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees; and the whole scene was as picturesque and beautiful as it was new to me. It is said that West, the American painter, when he first saw the Apollo, at Rome, exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior!"—and, however startling the association may appear,

some of the graceful and agile forms which I saw that day among the Tuscaroras were such as would account for its arising in the young painter's mind.

After crossing "the fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the few pieces of poetry that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way. And here I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the truth of my descriptions of some of those scenes through which his more practiced eye followed me;—taking the liberty to omit in my extracts, as far as may be done without injury to the style or context, some of that generous surplusage of praise in which friendly criticism delights to indulge.

In speaking of an excursion he had made up the River Ottawa,—"a stream," he adds, "which has a classical place in every one's imagination from Moore's Canadian Boat Song," Captain Hall proceeds as follows:—"While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances, presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images, drawn in this way, as it were carelessly and from every hand, he has combined with

such graphic—I had almost said geographical—truth, that the effect is great even upon those who have never, with their own eyes, seen the 'Utawa's tide,' nor 'flown down the Rapids,' nor heard the 'bell of St. Anne's toll its evening chime;' while the same lines give to distant regions, previously consecrated in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of the poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene."[6]

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days,—being the first notation I had made, in penciling, of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence,—and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical "relic."

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son

of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him, at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way,—Priestley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a flyleaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in penciling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat glee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air:—

Then follows, as penciled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our *voyageurs* had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen,—how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me,—may be seen by reference to a

note appended to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages.

To the few desultory and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism,—some of it, I fear, but too well deserved,—which, both in America and in England, the publication of my "Odes and Epistles" drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period,—the great master of the art of criticism, in our day,—I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at

first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokehim.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knighthood; that the title, insignia, &c., conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorized by the British court; but that since then, this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honor was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

My Lord:—It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce a eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honor to present.

I am, my Lord,

With every feeling of attachment and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

Thomas Moore.

27, *Bury Street, St. James's,*
April 10, 1806.

PREFACE.[7]

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie. How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt

which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavorable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "intentata nites." Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and, though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party, whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of

intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancor, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the

public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favorable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

ADDRESS.

IN presenting this new and revised edition of the present Great Work to the American Public, containing the Irish Melodies, illustrated by the matchless pencil of Maclise, and the American Poems, now for the first time illustrated in any country, the subscriber would most respectfully state that the great success of the first edition of this work, has encouraged him to still greater efforts in producing more highly-finished engravings than those contained in the earlier editions; but, as to their merits, he will express no opinion, simply leaving that to an enlightened and refined public taste.

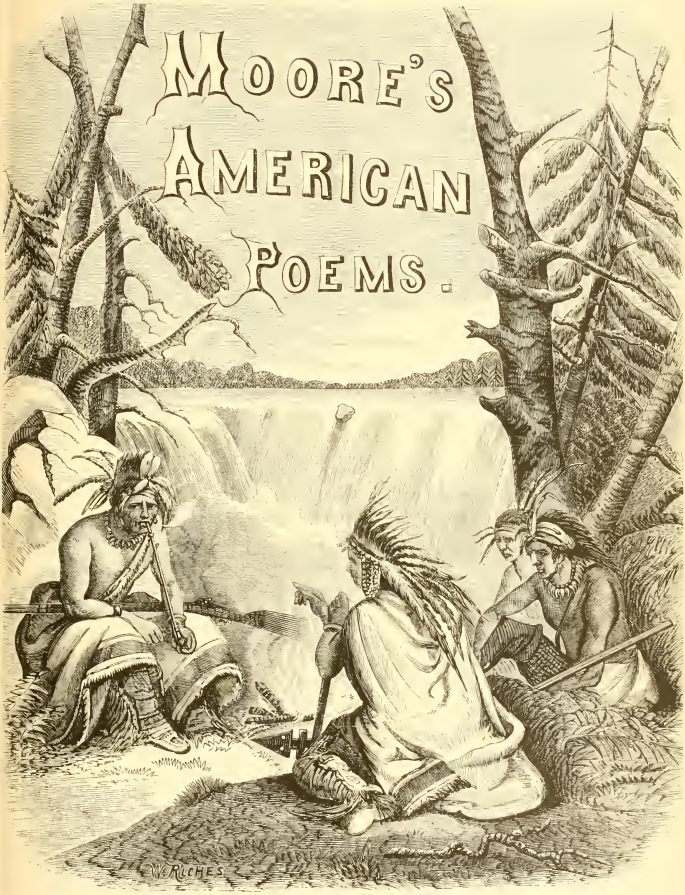
The genuine admirers of Moore will estimate the value of this new edition, by the simple fact that it contains, in addition, the American poems highly illustrated. Many condemn Moore for his sharp criticisms upon our country, as being ungenerous and ill-natured, and as showing a great want of acuteness in observation; but he, in later years, when Washington Irving was visiting him, expressed himself in the fullest and strongest man-

ner, on the subject of his writings on America, as being the greatest sin of his early life.

To the press of the country, I return my most sincere thanks for the invariably kind and very liberal notices, with which they have been pleased to greet it, thus assisting in bringing the work prominently before the public, and thereby making it a complete success. And to all my friends and patrons, who have taken a deep interest in the successful termination of my many years' "labor of love,"

I tender my warmest thanks.

WILLIAM RICHES.


MOORE'S
AMERICAN
POEMS.
W. RICHES

To Lord Viscount Strangford.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,[3]
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,

The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,
Forever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ:
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few;
Our only use for knowledge then
To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul!
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
Little I thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 't was time;—in youth's sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,

The heart a while, with wanton wing,
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring;
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.
And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
O, she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter heart could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!'

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
O, such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,[10]
Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades,—
O, I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids.[11]

Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)

Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoen's harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.[12]
O, could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But hark!—the boatswain's pipings tell
'T is time to bid my dream farewell:
Eight bells—the middle watch is set;
Good night, my Strangford!—ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

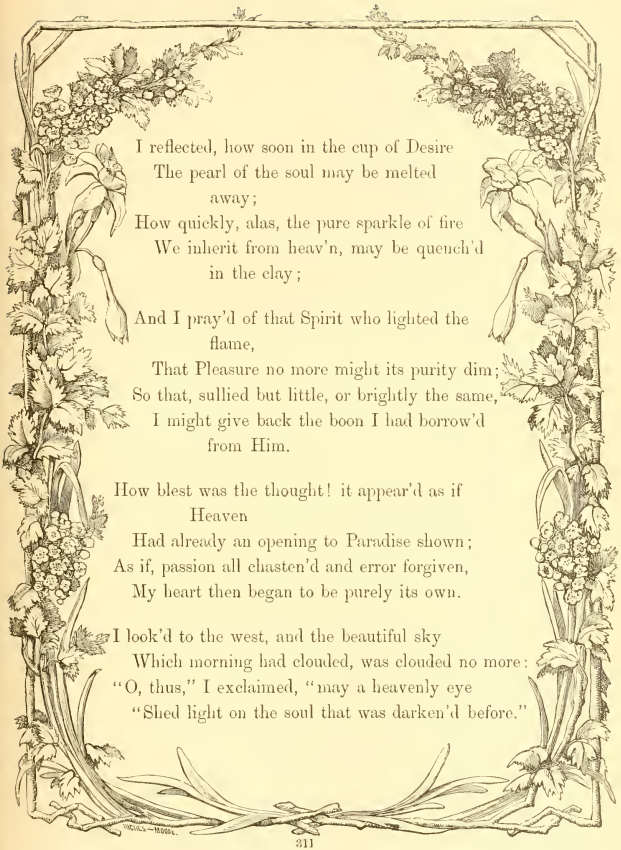
Stanzas.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος ———————
——————— με προσφωνει ταδε.
Γιγνωσκε ταυθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
ÆSCHYL. *Fragment.*

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead;
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
Was pity for those who were wiser than I.



I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
The pearl of the soul may be melted away;
How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the clay;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That Pleasure no more might its purity dim;
So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from Him.

How blest was the thought! it appear'd as if Heaven
Had already an opening to Paradise shown;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
"O, thus," I exclaimed, "may a heavenly eye
"Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before."

To the Flying Fish.[13]

When I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gayly to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies;
O, it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,
But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven!

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again;
Alas! the flattering pride is o'er;
Like thee, a while, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

O Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak;
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow
And plunge again to depths below;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

At Night.

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat
With which the bosom flies to meet
That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say,
"'T is late, my love!" and chide delay,
Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
With those we love, exchanged at night!

The Life-Boat.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark moving gracefully by;

No damp on her deck but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn!

Oh! grant that of those who in life's sunny slumber
Around us like summer-barks idly have play'd,
When storms are abroad we may find in the number
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid.

The Tear.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

HICHES

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray!

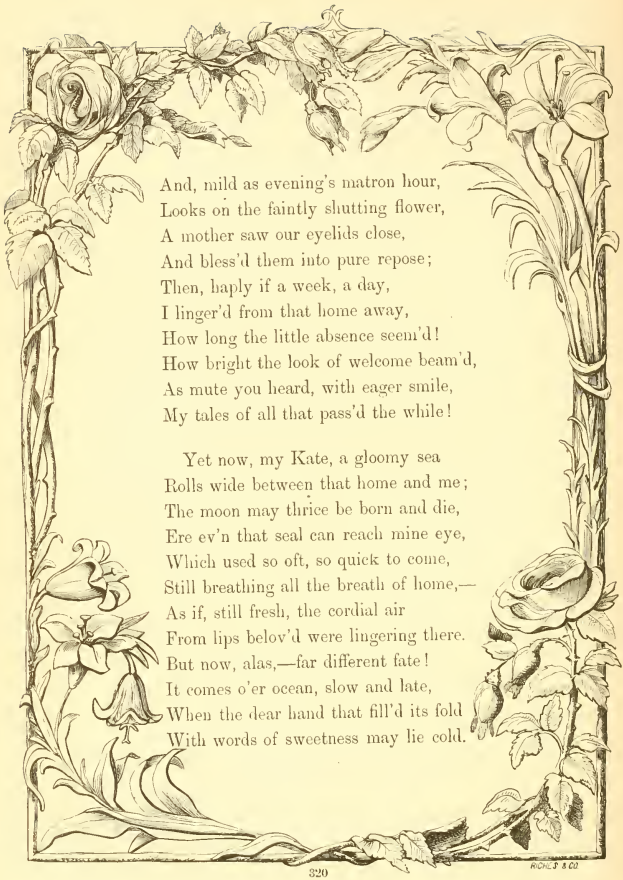
An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

HICHES

To Miss Moore.

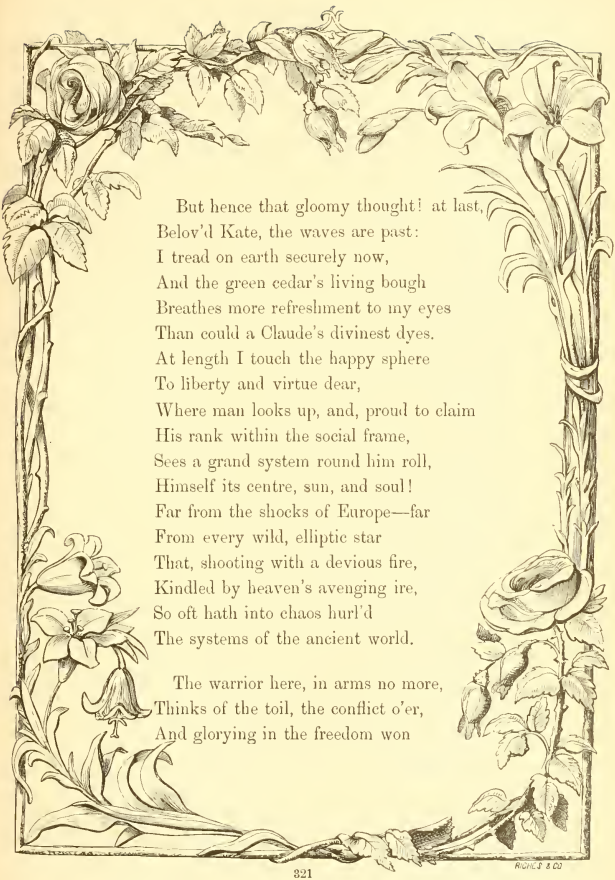
FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1803.

In days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,



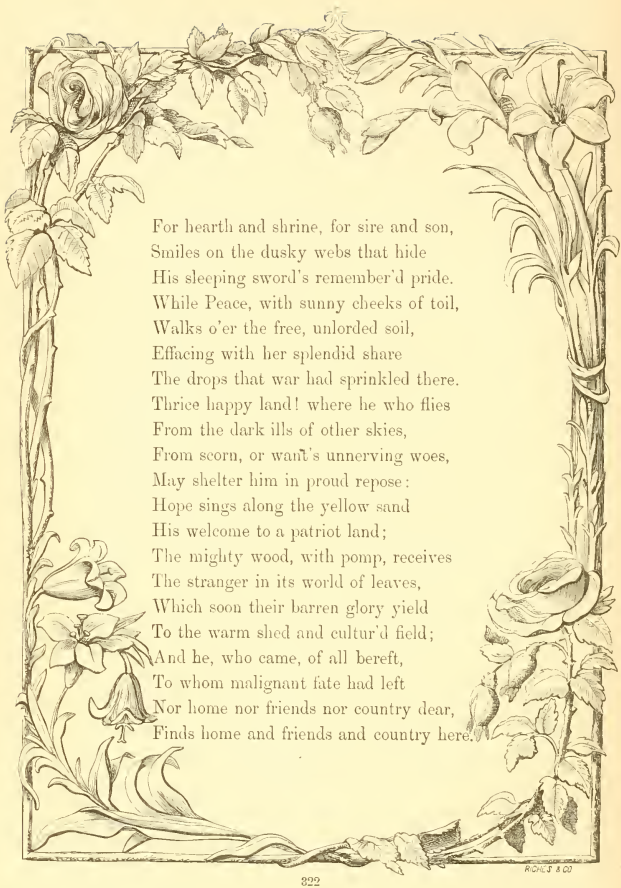
And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose;
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quick to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home,—
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips belov'd were lingering there.
But now, alas,—far different fate!
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

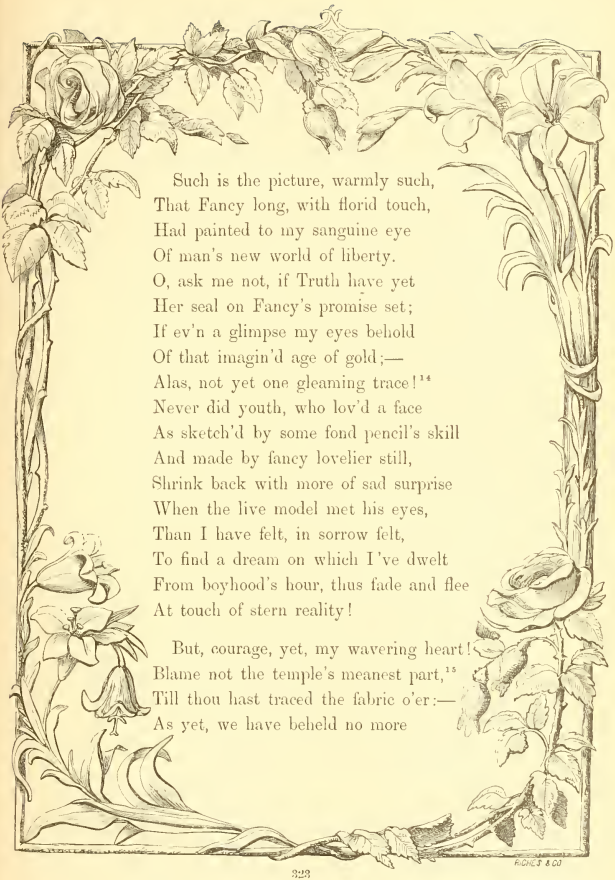


But hence that gloomy thought! at last,
Belov'd Kate, the waves are past:
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul!
Far from the shocks of Europe—far
From every wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the freedom won

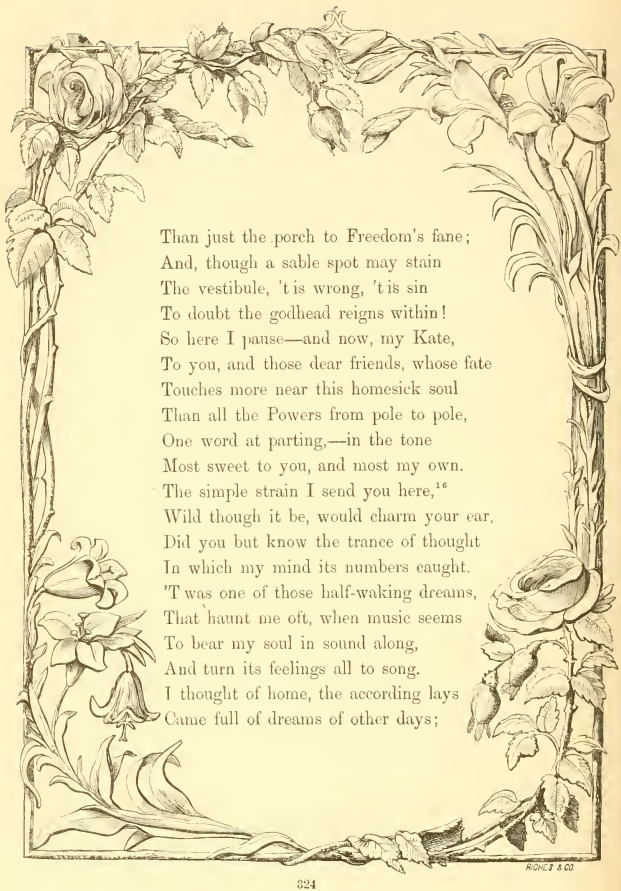


For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride.
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there.
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose:
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,
Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here.



Such is the picture, warmly such,
That Fancy long, with florid touch,
Had painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty.
O, ask me not, if Truth have yet
Her seal on Fancy's promise set;
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
Of that imagin'd age of gold;—
Alas, not yet one gleaming trace![14]
Never did youth, who lov'd a face
As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill
And made by fancy lovelier still,
Shrink back with more of sad surprise
When the live model met his eyes,
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
At touch of stern reality!

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,[15]
Till thou hast traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more



Than just the porch to Freedom's fane;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestibule, 't is wrong, 't is sin
To doubt the godhead reigns within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate
Touches more near this homesick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting,—in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple strain I send you here,[16]
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught.
'T was one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me oft, when music seems
To bear my soul in sound along,
And turn its feelings all to song.
I thought of home, the according lays
Came full of dreams of other days;

RICHES & CO.

Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clue, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

O, love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in accents soft.
Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its wild notes tell,—
Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that's set,
And all the fond heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
And now, adieu!—this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle,[17]
You shall have many a cowslip bell
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which that gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew.

A Ballad.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

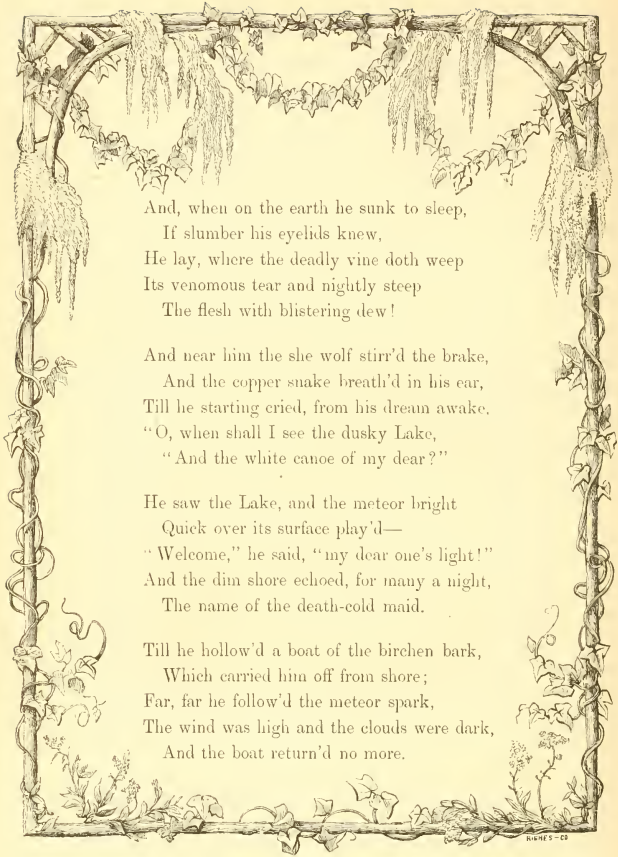
"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature."—D'ALEMBERT.

"**They** made her a grave, too cold and damp
"For a soul so warm and true;
"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,[1]
"Where, all night long, by a firefly lamp,
"She paddles her white canoe.

"And her firefly lamp I soon shall see,
"And her paddle I soon shall hear;
"Long and loving our life shall be,
"And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
"When the footstep of death is near."

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

Drummond Lake, in Dismal Swamp, Va.



And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
"O, when shall I see the dusky Lake,
"And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and the meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a firefly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

The White Canoe.

Boss' Cove, Bermuda Islands.

To the Marchioness Dowager of Donegall.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Lady! where'er you roam, whatever land
Wooes the bright touches of that artist hand;
Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;[19]
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine,[20]

Where, many a night, the shade of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
O, lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the canvas that creative eye,
And let its splendor, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illume my lay.

Yet, Lady, no—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your art divine;
Still, radiant eye, upon the canvas dwell;
Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
O, might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught;
While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Say, have you ne'er, in nightly vision, stray'd
To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,

Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?[21]
There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that
came
Brought echoes of their own undying fame,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along:—
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where Virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land,—
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone,—
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbors o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbor woo'd us to its arms.[22]

Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,
Through plaintain shades, that round, like awnings, twin'd,
And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide!
Along the margin, many a shining dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave;—in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,[23]
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Then thought I, too, of thee, most sweet of all
The spirit race that come at poet's call,
Delicate Ariel! who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of those honeyed bowers,
In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh.
Though weak the magic of my humble strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, O, for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
Descend a moment from your starry sphere,
And, if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
O cull their choicest tints, their softest light,
Weave all these spells into one dream of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Take for the task her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells.

To George Morgan, Esq.

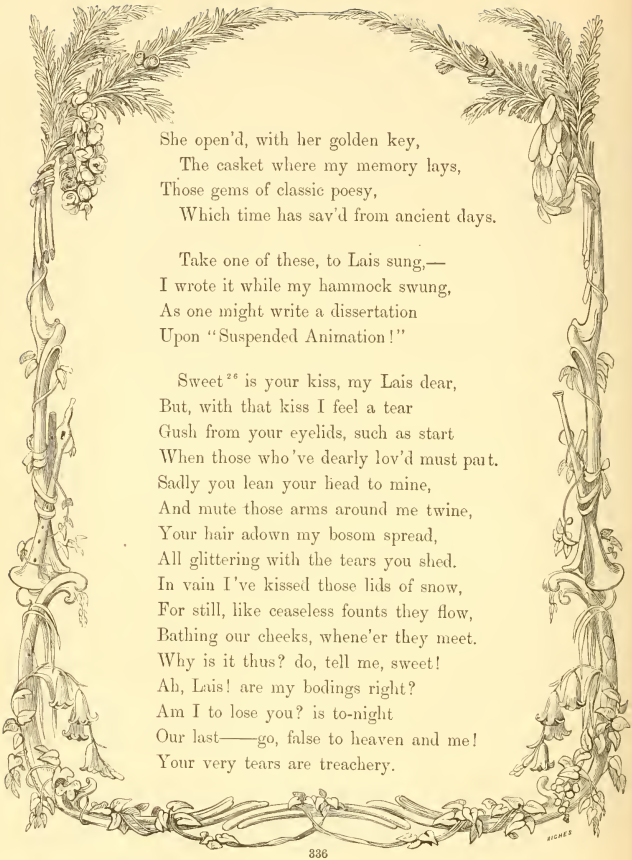
OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.[24]

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεινη δ' πνεμοεσσα και ατροπος, οια θ' αλιπληξ,
Αιθυιης και μαλλων επιδρομος ηπερ ἱπποις,
Πωτῳ ενεστηρικτια.

CALLIMACH. *Hymn, in Del.* v. 11.

O, what a sea of storm we've pass'd!—
High mountain waves and foamy showers,
And battling winds whose savage blast
But ill agrees with one whose hours
Have passed in old Anacreon's bowers.
Yet think not poesy's bright charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm:—[25]
When close they reef'd the timid sail,
When, every plank complaining loud,
We labor'd in the midnight gale,
And ev'n our haughty mainmast bow'd,
Even then, in that unlovely hour,
The Muse still brought her soothing power,
And, 'midst the war of waves and wind,
In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
Nay, when no numbers of my own
Responded to her wakening tone,



She open'd, with her golden key,
The casket where my memory lays,
Those gems of classic poesy,
Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

Take one of these, to Lais sung,—
I wrote it while my hammock swung,
As one might write a dissertation
Upon "Suspended Animation!"

Sweet[26] is your kiss, my Lais dear,
But, with that kiss I feel a tear
Gush from your eyelids, such as start
When those who've dearly lov'd must part.
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And mute those arms around me twine,
Your hair adown my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I've kissed those lids of snow,
For still, like ceaseless founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last——go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

Such, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;
And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
O'er our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.[27]
The fainting breeze of morning fails;
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
And I can almost touch its sails
As loose they flap around the mast.

The noontide sun a splendor pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
To float along a burning sky.

O for the pinnace lent to thee,[28]
Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
And touch at all its isles of light.
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round![29]
There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That sigh around thy vesper car;
And angels dwell, so pure of form
That each appears a living star.[30]
These are the sprites, celestial queen!
Thou sendest nightly to the bed
Of her I love, with touch unseen
Thy planet's brightening tints to shed;
To lend that eye a light still clearer,
To give that cheek one rose blush more,
And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'T is time to call the wanderer home.

Who could have thought the nymph would perch her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,
The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song, your board illumine.
At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, O, as warmly drink to him.

Lines,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

That sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
That when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

O, there 's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To pleasure's thrill;
'T is as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

'T is true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
O, most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

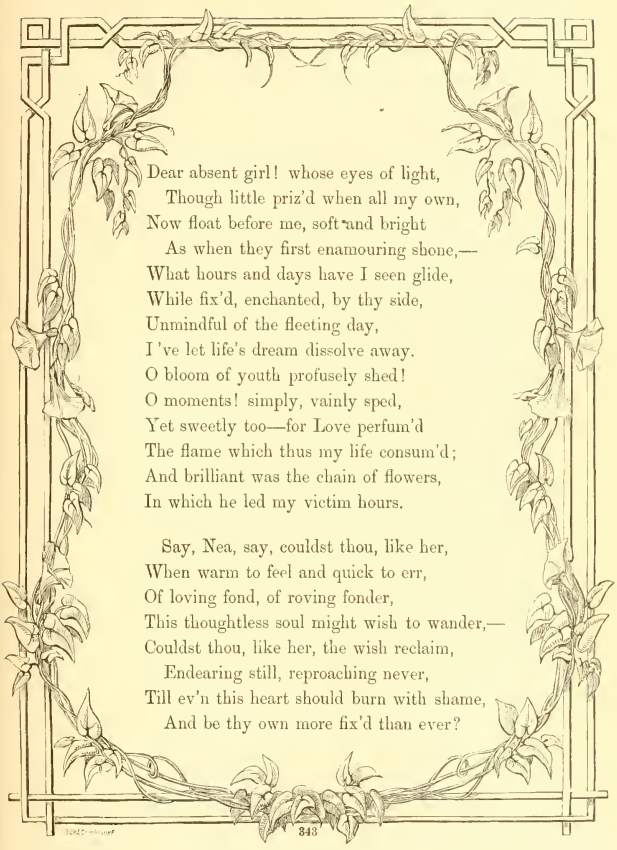
Odes to Nea.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

ΝΕΑ τυραννει. EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.

Nay, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, O, this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor fetter me to earth again.



Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone,—
What hours and days have I seen glide,
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
I 've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly sped,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim hours.

Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander,—
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
And be thy own more fix'd than ever?

No, no—on earth there 's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast;
And sure on earth but one alone
Could make such virtue false at last!

Nea, the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
O, thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can tell or tongue can feign;
I 'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

——Tale iter omne cave.

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I pray you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd;
'T was not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,
Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
No eye but heaven's o'er us!

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All we then look'd and thought;
'T was more than tongue could dare reveal,
'T was ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,
By Love and Nature taught.

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd;
I trembling rais'd it, and when you
Had kiss'd the shell, I kiss'd it too—
How sweet, how wrong it seem'd!

O, trust me, 't was a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
Could tangle me or you in;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks may be our ruin.

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still.

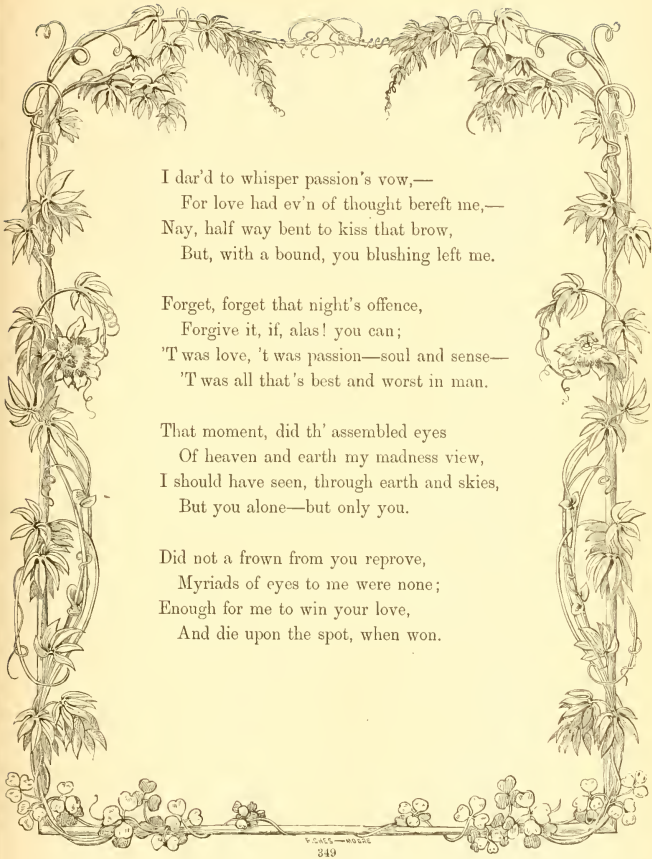
Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that sunny glance,
As if to light your steps along.

O, how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free.
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but love and me!

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, but you alone,—
And *you*, at least, should not condemn,
If, when such eyes before me shone,
My soul forgot all eyes but them,—



I dar'd to whisper passion's vow,—
For love had ev'n of thought bereft me,—
Nay, half way bent to kiss that brow,
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas! you can;
'T was love, 't was passion—soul and sense—
'T was all that 's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone—but only you.

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none;
Enough for me to win your love,
And die upon the spot, when won.

A Dream of Antiquity.

I just had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When blest alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.

RICHES & CO.

Before I laid me down to sleep,
A while I from the lattice gaz'd
Upon that still and moonlight deep,
With isles like floating gardens rais'd,
For Ariel there his sports to keep;
While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores
The lone night fisher plied his oars.

I felt,—so strongly fancy's power
Came o'er me in that witching hour,—
As if the whole bright scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky,
And I then breath'd the blissful air
That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamt I,—and when Sleep
Came o'er my sense, the dream went on;
Nor, through her curtain dim and deep,
Hath ever lovelier vision shone.
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade,[31]
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness,—

As pearls, we're told, that fondling doves
Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.[32]
'T was one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.
And thou wert there, my own belov'd,
And by thy side I fondly rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where Beauty learn'd what Wisdom taught,
And sages sigh'd and lovers thought;
Where schoolmen conn'd no maxims stern,
But all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
O, 't was a bright, bewildering scene,
Along the alley's deepening green

Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear those countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way.[33]
'T was light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul perchance may roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home.
And, Nea, thou wert by my side,
Through all this heav'nward path my guide.

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we rang'd
That upward path, the vision chang'd;
And now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story.[34]
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of sighs;

Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,
A mute appeal to passion breath'd.
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Pouring the flowery wines of Crete;[35]
And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet.[36]
While others, waving arms of snow
Intwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold,[37]
And showing charms, as loath to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,[38]
Glided among the festal throng
Bearing rich urns of flowers along.
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young bee grape,[39] round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek.

O, Nea! why did morning break
The spell that thus divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how *could* I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me!

Well—peace to thy heart.

Well—peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to that cheek, though it bloom not for me!
To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves,[40]
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet
Their illurements forgive and their splendor forget.

Farewell to Bermuda,[41] and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;
May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller[42] has stray'd.
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to say—
O, think of the past—give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.

If I were yonder couch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd.

If I were yonder orange tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most imploring air.

O, bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
So pictur'd in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
Thy image in the glassy stream.

Blest fate! at once my chilly grave
And nuptial bed that stream might be;
I'll wed thee in its mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light.

O, my belov'd! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes;
In every star thy glances burn;
Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

Nor find I in creation aught
Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
But thou art found reflected there.

The Snow Spirit.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
And their melody balm to the ear;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
That shines through thy lips when they part,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
As a murmur of thine on the heart.
O, fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
As he cradles the birth of the year;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
In the veil of a vestal severe:
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region—lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in a daybeam like him.
O, lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear—
Fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

I stole along the flowery bank.

Ενταυθα δε καθωρμισται ἡμιν, και ὁ, τι μεν ονομα τῃ νησῳ, ουκ οιδα χρυση δ' αν προς γε εμου ονομαζοιτο. PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17, lib. ii.

I stole along the flowery bank,
While many a bending seagrape[43] drank
The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'T was noon: and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
When love thoughts in her bosom rise.
O, for a naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent
To lead my steps where I should meet—
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And—bless the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the aloe's[44] lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,

My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
O vision bright! O spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there?
'T was Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
New lustre to each beauty lent,—
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lip's reflecting dew,—
Such as a night lamp, left to shine
Alone on some secluded shrine,

May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet!
Think, think how quick my heart pulse beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole;—
O, ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess,
That moment's trembling happiness.

A Study from the Antique.

Behold, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design!
The more we gaze, it charms the more;
Come—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd;
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,[45]
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
To bring the truant's lip more nigh.

O happy maid! too happy boy!
The one so fond and little loath,
The other yielding slow to joy—
O rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as coy as she is willing:

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed locks behind:

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move;
And thus our lips together meet,
And thus,—and thus,—I kiss thee, love.

——λιβανοτω εικασεν, ὁτι απολλυμενον ενφραινει.
ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

There's not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so—
And yet, thou witching girl,—and yet,
To die were sweeter than to let
The lov'd remembrance go.

No; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
O let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away.

To Joseph Atkinson, Esq.

FROM BERMUDA.[46]

"The daylight is gone—but before we depart
"One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
"The kindest, the dearest—O, judge by the tear
"I now shed while I name him, how kind and how
dear."

'T was thus in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

O, say is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,
When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,
Shoots forth from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought, ever springing and new—
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not there!

Last night, when we came from the Calabash Tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,

And O,—such a vision as haunted me then
I would slumber for ages to witness again.
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,
But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my Fancy, surrounded me here;
And soon,—O, at once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,[47]
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

O magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue?
Or shines there a vista in nature or art,
Like that which Love opes through the eye to the heart?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade!
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright;
While the friends who had seem'd to hang over the
stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
The bark that 's to carry these pages away,[48]
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love!
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,
And the road of those gales would be music to me.
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the sunniest tears of the summer eve dew,
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

The Steersman's Song.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 28TH APRIL.[a]

When freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow,
Right from the point we wish to steer;
When by the wind close haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near;
I think 't is thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that 's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.

[a]

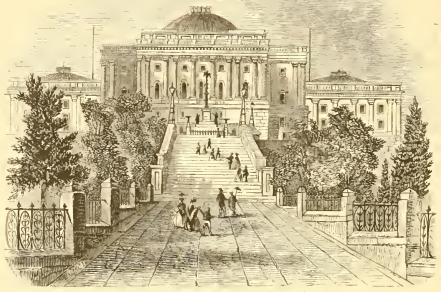
O, then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee—
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy! so.

To the Firefly.[50]

At morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly!
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
O then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illume,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom.



The Capitol before the Extension.

To the Lord Viscount Forbes.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their onward race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phœnix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown;

Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view:
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take;
'T is strange, how quickly we the past forget;
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth!

O, nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven;
O'er dross without to shed the light within,
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme

Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last!
"Here," might they say, "shall power's divided
reign
"Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.
"Here godlike liberty's herculean youth,
"Cradled in peace, and nurtur'd up by truth
"To full maturity of nerve and mind,
"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.[51]
"Here shall religion's pure and balmy draught
"In form no more from cups of state be quaff'd,
"But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
"Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
"Around the columns of the public shrine
"Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,
"Nor breathe corruption from the flowering braid,
"Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
"No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
"Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
"But take her range through all the social frame,
"Pure and pervading as that vital flame
"Which warms at once our best and meanest part.
"And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!"

O golden dream! what soul that loves to scan
The bright disk rather than the dark of man,

That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still,—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine!
Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne.

But, is it thus? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope,
As shock not reason, while they nourish hope?
No, no, believe me, 't is not so—ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She 's old in youth, she 's blasted in her prime.[52]

Already has the child of Gallia's school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,

Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud,—
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

And, were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
But no; 't is heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;

Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.[53]

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes,[54]
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt,[55]
Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.[56]
O, Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all,
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,

Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro marts,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,[57]
And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where—motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free—
Alike the bondage and the license suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,

The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were
nurs'd,
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they
serv'd—
Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been.
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can,
O, turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him.
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet.

To Thomas Hume, Esq. M. D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διηγησομαι διηγηματα ισως απιστα, κοινωνα ὠν πεπονθα ουκ ἐχων.
XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiac.* lib. v.

'Tis evening now; beneath the western star
Soft sighs the lover through his sweet cigar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy.
The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,
Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home;
Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,
And dream of freedom in his bondmaid's arms.[58]

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"[59]
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now;[60]
This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,

Though naught but woods[61] and J——n they see,
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be.

And look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
O mighty river! O ye banks of shade!
Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair;—
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love,—
O say, was world so bright, but born to grace
Its own half-organized, half-minded race[62]
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demigods should dare to roam?
Or, worse, thou wondrous world! O, doubly worse,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse

The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?

But hold,—observe yon little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the firefly shines.
There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief[63]
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And climb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,
Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great;

Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;
Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be*.
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,—
For, thine's a name all nations claim their own;
And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,
Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight falls
On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls,—
If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great,—
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The poisonous drug of French philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes,—
If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,

With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,
There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause—and now, dear Hume, we part:
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear,
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here.
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
'Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise.[64]
While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
With thee conversing, through that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
And sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he.

Independence Hall.

Lines

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

——Τηνδε την πολιν φιλως
Ειπων' επαξια γαρ.
SOPHOCL. *Œdip. Colon.* v. 758.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

O Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
Till the threshold of home had been press'd by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name;
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better than fame.

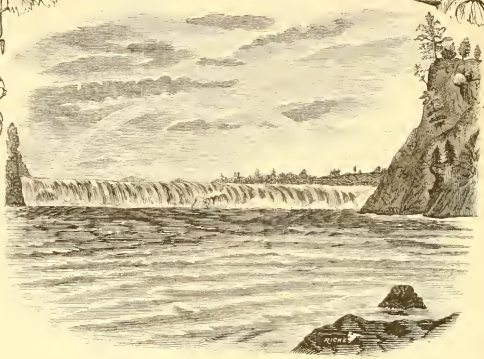
Nor did woman—O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too:—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,—
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,—
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

O, blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream;
Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

Residence of the late Thomas Moore, on the banks of the Schuylkill.



Lines

WRITTEN AT THE COHOES, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.[65]

Gia era in loco ove s' udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua———. DANTE.

From rise of morn till set of sun
I 've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass;
And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that smil'd,

Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet sometimes turning with the wind
As if to leave one look behind,—
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take;—
O, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

Song of the Evil Spirit of the Woods.

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.
Ovid. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapor, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along;
Christian, 't is the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Think, 't was once the Indian's home![67]

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,

And the cayman[68] loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits,[69]
Lone beneath a roof of blood;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of madd'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage light;
Gleam then, like the lightning bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she wolf, gaunt for blood;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,

Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
Tributes to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there!'°

Then, when night's long labor past,
Wilder'd faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull toad taint him over,
Round him let musquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires!

To the Honorable W. R. Spencer.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.
OVID. *ex Ponto*, lib. 1, ep. 5.

Thou oft hast told me of the happy hours
Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,
Where, lingering yet, the ghost of ancient wit
'Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,
And pagan spirits, by the pope unlaid,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade;
There still the bard who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,—
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holy days of thought,

In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
Bright without effort, resting while it shines,—
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern priests with ancient rakes agree;
How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,
And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,
No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Hath left that visionary light behind,
That lingering radiance of immortal mind,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where Genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms.
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering[71] rivers flow;
But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray,
This world's a wilderness and man but clay,

Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wigwam to the congress hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free.
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he,—
'T is one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world could brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And naught is known of luxury, but its vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?
Alas! not so—the Muse of Nature lights
Her glories round; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests; every wondrous spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,[72]
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, O ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'T was bliss to live with, and 't was pain to leave.[73]
Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd
The writing trac'd upon the desert's sand,
Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find
One trace of life, one stamp of humankind,
Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which,—'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has travers'd,—O you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loath the gallic dross that runs
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were born.
O, if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty,—can add the grace
Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair ornament that flowers above;—

If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,
So vain of error and so pledg'd to wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreath the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along;—
It is to you, to souls that favoring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given!
O, but for *such*, Columbia's days were done;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam
And rested there, as in a dream of home.
And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own.

Yes,—we had nights of that communion free,
That flow of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.
When shall we both renew them? when, restor'd
To the gay feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for home,—alas! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, ὡΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.
EURIPIDES.

Ballad Stanzas.

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
"In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
"And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips
"Which had never been sigh'd on by any but mine!"

A Canadian Boat Song.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.[74]

Et remigem cantus hortatur.
QUINTILIAN.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.[75]

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

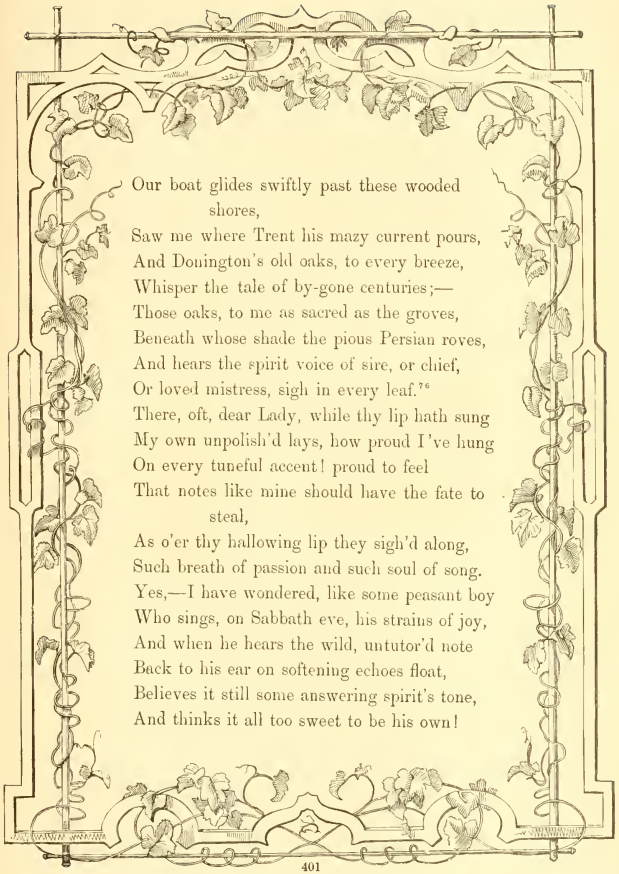
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
O, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide: this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
O, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

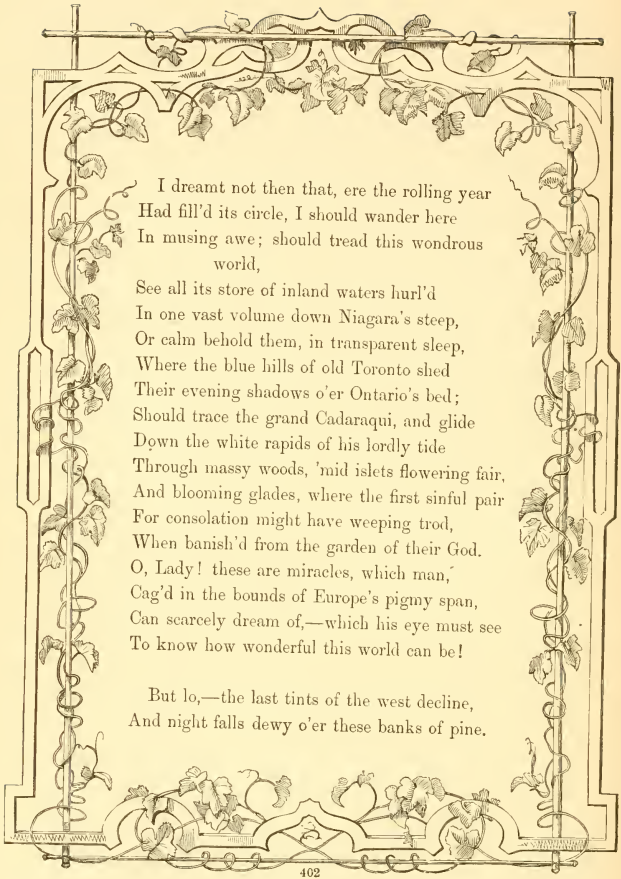
To the Lady Charlotte Bardon.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray



Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,
And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries;—
Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the spirit voice of sire, or chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf.[76]
There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung
On every tuneful accent! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Yes,—I have wondered, like some peasant boy
Who sings, on Sabbath eve, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!



I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
O, Lady! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be!

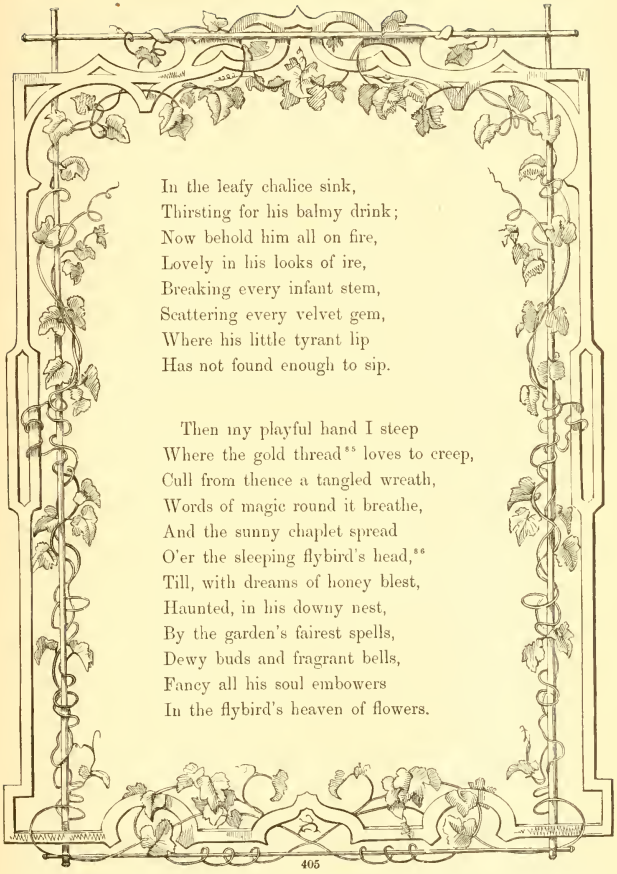
But lo,—the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.

Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star,[77]
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass snake,[78] gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:—

From the land beyond the sea,
Whither happy spirits flee;
Where, transform'd to sacred doves,[79]
Many a blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As those wondrous stones of light,[80]

Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts,—
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air.[81]

Then, when I have stray'd a while
Through the Manataulin isle,[82]
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift I mount me on the plume
Of my Wakon Bird,[83] and fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water snake,
Wrapp'd within the web of leaves,
Which the water lily weaves,[84]
Next I chas'd the flow'ret king
Through his rosy realm of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,



In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Has not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold thread[85] loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping flybird's head,[86]
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the flybird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray moose shed his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft, through freezing air,
With the snow bird[47] soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,

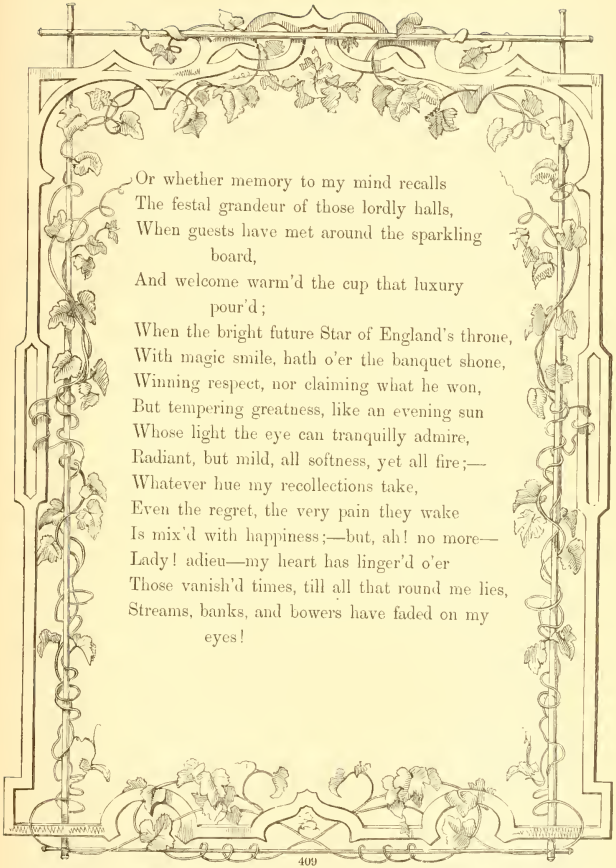
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the necks of virgins hung,—
Virgins,[88] who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams!
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,[89]
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world!

Yet, O, believe me, 'mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays

From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new,—
I never feel a joy so pure and still,
So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say by what small fairy ties
The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead;—



Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd;
When the bright future Star of England's throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire;—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is mix'd with happiness;—but, ah! no more—
Lady! adieu—my heart has linger'd o'er
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Streams, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!

Impromptu

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. ——, OF MONTREAL.

'T was but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour:
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

O, could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then.

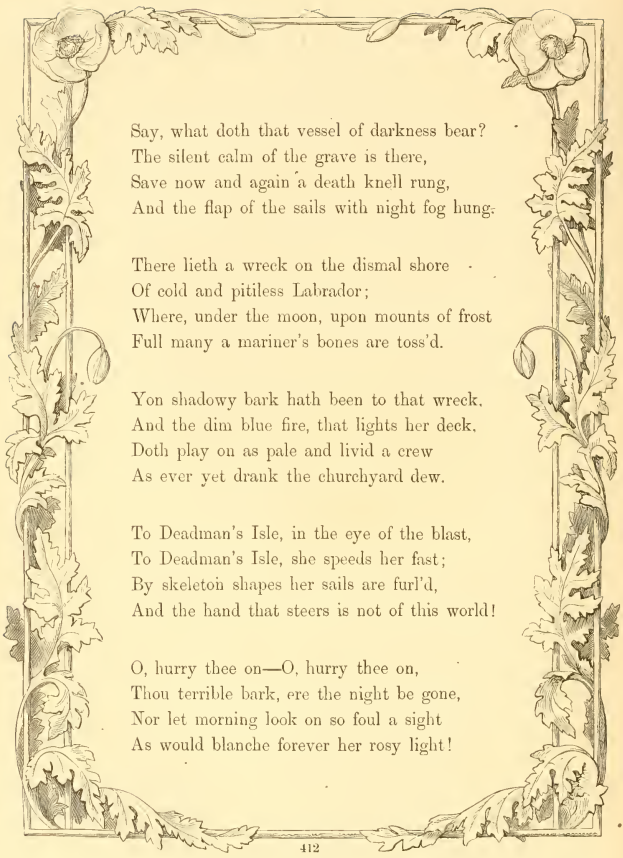
What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

Written on Passing Deadman's Island,[90]

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full,—though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!



Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost
Full many a mariner's bones are toss'd.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

O, hurry thee on—O, hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanche forever her rosy light!

To the Boston Frigate,[91]

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER, 1804.

Νοστου προφασις γλυκερου.
PINDAR. *Pyth.* 4.

With triumph this morning, O Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,

For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand [92]
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well—peace to the land! may her sons know, at length,
That in high-minded honor lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight!

Farewell to the few I have left with regret;
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,
The delight of those evenings,—too brief a delight!
When in converse and song we have stol'n on the night;

When they 've asked me the manners, the
mind, or the mien,
Of some bard I had known, or some chief I had
seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had
ador'd,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine cup they
pour'd,
And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I
knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful
stream
Of America's empire, should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd
away!
Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and
sweet
To think that, whenever my song and my
name
Shall recur to their ear, they 'll recall me the
same

I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depress'd.

But, Douglas! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to sooth me, thy courage to guide,
There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze,
Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore!
O think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When Hope smoothes the billowy path of our prow,

And each prosperous sigh of the west-spring-
ing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is
enshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my
heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part?—

But see!—the bent topsails are ready to
swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, fare-
well!

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

NOTES

TO

MOORE'S MELODIES

AND

AMERICAN POEMS.

NOTES TO THE MELODIES.

NOTE 1, page 35.

One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.

"IN the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called Crommeal. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired"—WALKER'S *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, p. 134. Mr. Walker informs us, also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

NOTE 2, page 36.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

NOTE 3, page 36.

Tho' lost to MONONIA *and cold in the grave.*

Munster.

NOTE 4, page 36.

He returns to KINKORA *no more!*

The palace of Brien.

NOTE 5, page 38.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood.

This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Hallaran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops;—never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland*,, Book XII. Chap. i.

NOTE 6, page 39.

In times of old through AMMON'S *shade.*

Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

NOTE 7, page 44.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

"The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the summer of the year 1807.

NOTE 8, page 44.

As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

The rivers Avon and Avoca.

NOTE 9, page 47.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, Vol. I. Book x.

NOTE 10, page 49.

We're fallen upon gloomy days.

I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

NOTE 11, page 50.

Thou, of the Hundred Fights!

This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Guive, the

bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the "Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 433. "Con, of the hundred Fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

NOTE 12, page 50.

Truth, peace, and freedom hung!

Fox, "Romanorum ultimus."

NOTE 13, page 53.

Where weary travellers love to call.

"In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music."—O'HALLORAN.

NOTE 14, page 57.

ST. SENANUS.

In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hibernicæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui Præsul, quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

See the ACTA SANCT. HIB. p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwicht, St. Senanus was no less a personage than

the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny the metamorphose indignantly.

NOTE 15, page 66.

When MALACHI *wore the collar of gold.*

"This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, Vol. I. Book ix.

NOTE 16, page 66.

Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger.

"Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Tragh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction, &c.*, Part I. Chap. v.

NOTE 17, page 66.

For the long-faded glories they cover.

It was an old tradition, in the time of Geraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers

the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.*—TOPOGR. HIB., Dist. ii. c. 9.

NOTE 18, page 67.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.

To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorised to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. —I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

NOTE 19, page 71.

Like the bright lamp, that shone in KILDARE'S *holy fane.*

The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions, "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.*, Dist. ii. c. 34.

NOTE 20, page 72.

And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.

Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.

NOTE 21, page 73.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his "State of Ireland," and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the graeing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

NOTE 22, page 73.

Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart.

It is conjectured, by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: "So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, from the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord." —LLOYD'S STATE WORTHIES, art. *The Lord Grandison.*

NOTE 23, page 74.

Like the wreath of HARMODIUS, *should cover his sword.*

See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω —"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

NOTE 24, page 78.

Which near our planet smiling came.

"Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—WHISTON'S *Theory*, &c.

In the *entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens.*

NOTE 25, page 79.

" The brook can see no moon but this."

This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flower sees but one moon."

NOTE 26, page 80.

A butterfly fresh from the night-flower's kisses.

An emblem of the soul.

NOTE 27, page 83.

May we pledge that horn in triumph round !

"The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—WALKER.

NOTE 28, page 86.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Meaning, allegorically, the ancient church of Ireland.

NOTE 29, page 87.

Where shineth thy *spirit, there liberty shineth too !*

"Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"—ST. PAUL, 2 Cor. iii. 17.

NOTE 30, page 91.

The cold chain of Silence had hung o'er thee long.

In that rebellious but beautiful song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of Silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the *Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in* MISS BROOKE'S *Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

NOTE 31, page 94.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.

This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend, Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

NOTE 32, page 99.

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.

This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

NOTE 33, page 99.

Sky-lark never warbles o'er.

There are many other curious traditions concerning this Lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

NOTE 34, page 102.

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

NOTE 35, page 104.

Than to remember thee, MARY!

I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

NOTE 36, page 106.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of ERIN.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula of Macpherson" is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Osna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran;' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans); and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, in the Second Number of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir; "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it

would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they merit.

NOTE 37, page 106

By the red cloud that hung over CONOR'S *dark dwelling.*

"Oh Nasi! view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."—*Deidris Song.*

NOTE 38, page 106.

When ULAD'S *three champions lay sleeping in gore.*

Ulster.

NOTE 39, page 111.

I think, oh my love! 't is thy voice from the kingdom of souls.

"There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter which we call Echo."

NOTE 40, page 112.

Through MORNA'S *grove.*

"Steals silently to Morna's grove."

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college companions and friends; whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

NOTE 41, page 115.

And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.

Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. Lib. i. Eleg. 20.

NOTE 42, page 116.

A triple grass.

St. Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the Pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the Ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand.

NOTE 43, page 119.

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—"The king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

NOTE 44, page 121.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story told of a certain noble family in England.

NOTE 45, page 129.

We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

I believe it is Marmontel who says, "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

NOTE 46, page 140.

Been like our Lagenian mine.

Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, but too well the character here given of them.

NOTE 47, page 140.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story.

"The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights—Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.*

NOTE 48, page 148.

Like him the Sprite.

This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.

NOTE 49, page 159.

At once, like a Sun-burst, her banner unfurl'd.

"The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

NOTE 50, page 164.

'Mid desolation tuneful still!

'Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."—JUVENAL.

NOTE 51, page 176.

Tho' the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them.

"Tous les habitans de Mercure sont vifs."—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

NOTE 52, page 177.

And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.

"La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 53, page 185.

Yes, sad one of SION, *if closely resembling.*

These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

NOTE 54, page 185.

And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day."—JER. xv. 9.

NOTE 55, page 186.

Ah, well may we call her like thee "the Forsaken."

"Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken."—ISAIAH, lxii. 4.

NOTE 56, page 186.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City.

"How hath the oppressor ceased! the golden city ceased!"—ISAIAH, xiv. 11.

NOTE 57, page 186.

And, a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover.

"Thy pomp is brought down to the grave.....and the worms cover thee."—ISAIAH, xiv. 4.

NOTE 58, page 186.

The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

"Thou shalt no more be called the Lady of Kingdoms."—ISAIAH, xlvii. 5.

NOTE 59, page 189.

Oh, ye Dead! oh, ye Dead! whom we know by the light you give.

Paul Zealand mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

NOTE 60, page 197.

I wish I was by that dim Lake.

These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. "In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegal (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe."

"It was," as the same writer tells us, "one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is, from strange association, wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

NOTE 61, page 203.

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS, THAT BY MUSIC ARE BROUGHT.

Written during a visit to Lord Kenmare, at Killarney.

NOTE 62, page 206.

He hath been won down by them.

In describing the Skeligs (islands of the Barony of Forth), Dr. Keating says, "There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock."

NOTE 63, page 206.

Lakes, where the pearl lies hid.

"Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears; and this we find confirmed by a present made, A. C. 1094, by Gilbert, Bishop of Limerick, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls."—O'HALLORAN.

NOTE 64, page 206.

Glens, where Ocean comes.

Glengariff.

NOTE 65, page 208.

And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

Jours charmans, quand je songe à vos heureux instans,
Je pense remonter le fleuve de mes ans;
Et mon cœur enchantésur sa rive fleurie
Respire encore l'air pur du matin de la vie.

NOTE 66, page 208.

Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

The same thought has been happily expressed by my friend Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Bracebridge Hall*, Vol. I. page 213. The pleasure

which I feel in calling this gentleman my friend, is much enhanced by the reflection that he is too good an American to have admitted me so readily to such a distinction, if he had not known that my feelings towards the great and free country that give him birth have long been such as every real lover of the liberty and happiness of the human race must entertain.

NOTE 67, page 210.

And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost!

It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

NOTE 68, page 213.

DESMOND'S SONG.

"Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidently been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family."—LELAND, Vol. II.

NOTE 69, page 215.

Like him, the boy, who born among.

The God of Silence, thus pictured by the Egyptians.

NOTE 70, page 221.

As from a parting spirit, came.

The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly."

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance

NOTE 71, page 225.

The wine-cup is circling in Almhin's hall.

The palace of Fin Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anarchronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.

NOTE 72, page 226.

And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide.

The name given to the banner of the Irish.

NOTE 73, page 231.

Thy Naïads prepare his steed for him.

The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or more fully detailed in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day,

gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path.

Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the lake.

NOTE 74, page 232.

When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls.

The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

NOTE 75, page 237.

Was like that rock of the Druid race.

The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations.

NOTE 76, page 238.

"Our destin'd home or grave?"

"Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—KEATING.

NOTE 77, page 238.

"'Tis Innisfail—'tis Innisfail!"

The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

NOTE 78, page 241.

Which dreaming poets sing.

"The inhabitants of Arranmore are still pursuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail, or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories."—BEAUFORT'S *Ancient Typography of Ireland.*

NOTE 79, page 243.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader, that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.

NOTE 80, page 245.

Lay his sword by his side—it hath serv'd him too well.

It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.

NOTES TO AMERICAN POEMS.

NOTE 1, page 284.

FRAGMENTS of Voyages and Travels, Vol. II. Chap. vi.

NOTE 2, page 288.

The Commodore of the Lakes, as he is styled.

NOTE 3, page 288.

The two first sentences of this paragraph, as well as a passage that occurs in a subsequent paragraph, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.

NOTE 4, page 290.

Introduced in the Epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon.

NOTE 5, page 290.

This brave and amiable officer was killed at Queenstown, in Upper Canada, soon after the commencement of the war with America, in the year 1812. He was in the act of cheering on his men when he fell. The inscription on the monument raised to his memory, on Queenstown Heights, does but due honor to his manly character.

NOTE 6, page 292.

"It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian *voyageurs* never omit their offerings to the shrine of

St. Anne, before engaging in any enterprise; and that, during its performance, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

NOTE 7, page 297.

This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part.

NOTE 8, page 305.

Sweet Moon! if, like CROTONA'S *sage.*

Pythagoras; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the moon by the means of a magic mirror.—See *Bayle*, art. *Pythag.*

NOTE 9, page 307.

Or pant to be a wanderer more!

Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th Carmen of Catullus:—

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt!

NOTE 10, page 308.

Hath hung its shade on PICO'S *height.*

A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

NOTE 11, page 308.

To tell of young Azorian maids.

I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

NOTE 12, page 309.

And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.

These islands belong to the Portuguese.

NOTE 13, page 312.

TO THE FLYING FISH.

It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them; συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα νηκτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

NOTE 14, page 323.

Alas, not yet one gleaming trace!

Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

NOTE 15, page 323.

Blame not the temple's meanest part.

Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavorable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odor that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

NOTE 16, page 324.

The simple strain I send you here.

A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

NOTE 17, page 325.

Shall light me to my destin'd isle.

Bermuda.

NOTE 18, page 326.

"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

NOTE 19, page 330.

Where mazy LINTH *his lingering current leads.*

Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

NOTE 20, page 330.

Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine.

The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

NOTE 21, page 332.

For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste?

M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*, "Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et poëtes plaçoient les champs élysées dans les isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

NOTE 22, page 332.

The fairy harbor woo'd us to its arms.

Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbor of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding forever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

NOTE 23, page 333.

The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch.

This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples; and a vivid fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns

such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I could never turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

Note 24, page 335.

TO GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ., OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger, who, warm from the welcome of such a board, could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the *Travels of the Duke de la Rouchefoucault Liancourt*, Vol. II.

Note 25, page 335.

Forsook me in this rude alarm.

We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The Driver sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the Lilly in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the Lilly to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

NOTE 26, page 336.

Sweet is your kiss, my LAIS *dear.*

This epigram is by Paul the Silentiary, and may be found in the Analecta of Brunck, Vol. III. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his Poemata.

Ἡδὺ μεν εστι φιλημα τα Λαιδος· ἡδυ δε αυτων
Πειδιναντων δακρυ χειις βλεφαριων,
Και πολυ κιχλιζουσα σοβεις ευθοστρυχον αιγλην,
Ἠμετερα κεφαλην ὀρθρον ερεισαμενη
Μηρομενην δ' ερυλησα· τα δ' ὡς ὑφοφερης απο πηγης,
Δακρυα μιγνυμενων πιπτε κατα στοματων·
Εστε δ' ανειρομενῳ, τινος οὑνεκα δακρυα λειβεις;
Δειδια μη με λιτης· εστε γαρ ὀρκαταται.

NOTE 27, page 337.

The coral rocks they love to steep.

The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth; and, as we entered the harbor, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

NOTE 28, page 338.

O for the pinnace lent to thee.

In Kircher's "Ecstatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus, a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tuæ præparatam."—*Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies.

NOTE 29, page 338.

Within thy orb's ambrosial round!

When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odors and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?"—"An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

NOTE 30, page 338.

That each appears a living star.

This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses."—*Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5.

NOTE 31, page 351.

Through that serene, luxurious shade.

Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his Antiquities of Athens, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden: these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Vol. I. Chap. 2.

NOTE 32, page 352.

Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.

This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them a while to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, de Rerum Varietat. lib. vii. cap. 34.

NOTE 33, page 353.

Along the traveller's weary way.

In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus.—*Plin.* lib. x. cap. 47.

NOTE 34, page 353.

Or wanton'd in Milesian story.

The Milesiacs, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch* (in Crasso) who calls them ακολαστα βιβλια.

NOTE 35, page 354.

Pouring the flowery wines of Crete.

"Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls οινος ανθοσμιας, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers."—*Barry on Wines*, Chap. vii.

NOTE 36, page 354.

The onyx shone beneath their feet.

It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx."—Epig. 50. lib. xii.

NOTE 37, page 354.

Intwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold.

Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. Οι επικαρπιοι οφεις και αι χρυσαι πεδαι Θαιδος και Αριστωγορας και Λαιδος φαρμακα.—*Philostrat.* Epist. xl. Lucian, too, tells us of the

βραχιοσι δρακοντες. See his Amores, where he describes the dressing room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

NOTE 38, page 354.

Through many a thin Tarentian fold.

Ταραντινιδιον, διαφανες ενδυμα, ωνομασμενον απο της Ταραντινων χρησεως και τρυφης.—*Pollux.*

NOTE 39, page 354.

And the young bee grape, round them wreathing.

Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, Lib. XIV. and "now called the Muscatell (a mascarum telis)," says Pancirollus, Book I. Sect. 1, Chap. 17.

NOTE 40, page 355.

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves.

I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

NOTE 41, page 355.

Farewell to BERMUDA, *and long may the bloom.*

The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-vex'd Bermoothes," in the Tempest.—I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered.—*Travels of the Jesuits*, Vol. I. I am afraid, however, that it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

NOTE 42, page 355.

Where ARIEL *has warbled and* WALLER *has strayed.*

Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda; but the "Account of the European settlements in America" affirms it confidently. (Vol. II.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.

NOTE 43, page 359.

While many a bending seagrape drank.

The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West Indies.

NOTE 44, page 360.

That, like the aloe's lingering flowers.

The Agave. This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" τριτατος απο της αληθειας.

NOTE 45, page 363.

It seems in careless play to lie.

Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the Museum Florentinum, tom. ii. tab. 43, 44. There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

NOTE 46, page 365.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ., FROM BERMUDA.

Pinkerton has said that "a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geograpical library;" but

there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the transatlantic politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so conveniently in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would relieve the colonists from the alternative to which they are reduced at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or intrusting them to colleges in the states of America, where ideas, by no means favourable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting.

What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilized; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

NOTE 47, page 366.

Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills.

Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. Ἠραια γαρ ορη κατα την Σικελιαν εστιν, ἁ φασι καλλει, γ. τ. λ.

NOTE 48, page 367.

The bark that's to carry these pages away.

A ship, ready to sail for England.

NOTE 49, page 368.

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New York.

NOTE 50, page 369.

TO THE FIREFLY.

The lively and varying illumination, with which these fireflies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. "Puis ces mouches se develloppant de l'ob scurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie," &c. &c.—See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, art. 2, chap. 4, liv. i.

NOTE 51, page 372.

"Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind."

Thus Morse. "Here the sciences and the arts of civilized life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge," &c. &c.—P. 569.

NOTE 52, page 373.

She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.

"What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous dispatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. i. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labor under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

NOTE 53, page 375.

To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.

"Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales."—MONTESQUIEU, *de l'Esprit des Lois*, liv. xx. chap. 2.

NOTE 54, page 375.

From England's debtors to be England's foes.

I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

NOTE 55, page 375.

And break allegiance, but to cancel debt.

The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavored to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

NOTE 56, page 375.

Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.

See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

NOTE 57, page 376.

Of slaving blacks and democratic whites.

In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly-acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes. to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

NOTE 58, page 378.

And dream of freedom in his bondmaid's arms.

The "black Aspasia" of the present * * * * of the United States, inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits of America.

NOTE 59, page 378.

Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"

"On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of the city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome."—WELD'S *Travels*, letter iv.

NOTE 60, page 378.

And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now.

A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose Creek.

NOTE 61, page 379.

Though nought but woods and J——n they see.

"To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbor, and in the same city, is a curious, and, I believe, a novel circumstance."—WELD, letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, τα δε εν απορρητω.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin; and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

NOTE 62, page 379.

Its own half-organized, half-minded race.

The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the Notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavors to dis-

prove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *belittles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered.—*Recherches sur les Américains*, Part I. tom i. p. 102.

NOTE 63, page 380.

The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief.

On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

NOTE 64, page 382.

With me shall wonder, and with me despise.

In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

NOTE 65, page 386.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE COHOES, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.

There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighborhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohoes Fall is fifty feet; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

NOTE 66, page 388.

SONG OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

NOTE 67, page 388.

Think, 't was once the Indian's home!

The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped."—MORSE'S *American Geography.*

NOTE 68, page 389.

And the cayman loves to creep.

The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

NOTE 69, page 389.

And the shuddering murderer sits.

This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

NOTE 70, page 390.

To the Fiend presiding there!

"We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places."—See CHARLEVOIX'S *Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.*

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony; he also says, "We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi."—See HENNEPIN'S *Voyage into North America.*

NOTE 71, page 392.

Bright lakes expand, and conquering rivers flow.

This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the

finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its color to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea."—Letter xxvii.

NOTE 72, page 393.

But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there.

Alluding to the fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air."

NOTE 73, page 394.

'Twas bliss to live with, and 't was pain to leave.

In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the states afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

NOTE 74, page 398.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that they were obliged to row all the way,

and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins,

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

These stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

NOTE 75, page 398.

We'll sing at ST. ANN'S *our parting hymn.*

"At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers."—MACKENZIE, *General History of the Fur Trade.*

NOTE 76, page 401.

Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf.

"Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettaccoli di anime beate."—*Pietro della Valle,* part. second., lettera 16 da giardini di Sciraz.

NOTE 77, page 403.

And I can trace him, like a watery star

Anburey, in his Travels, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence.—Vol. I. p. 29.

NOTE 78, page 403.

And the smooth glass snake, gliding o'er my way.

The glass snake is brittle and transparent.

NOTE 79, page 403.

Where, transform'd to sacred doves.

"The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove."—CHARLEVOIX, *upon he Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada.* See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tom. i. p. 402.

NOTE 80, page 403.

As those wondrous stones of light.

"The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit stones."—MACKENZIE'S *Journal.*

NOTE 81, page 404.

Looks as if it hung in air.

These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one of the American lakes. "When it was calm," he says, "and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene.

NOTE 82, page 404.

Through the Manataulin isle.

Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin.—*Voyages du Baron de* LAHONTAN, tom. i. let. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

NOTE 83, page 404.

Of my Wakon Bird, and fly.

"The Wakon Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its su-

perior excellence; the Wakon Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."—MORSE.

NOTE 84, page 404.

Which the water lily weaves.

The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water snakes in summer.

NOTE 85, page 405.

Where the gold thread loves to creep.

"The gold thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—MORSE.

NOTE 86, page 405.

O'er the sleeping flybird's head.

"L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes: il tire sa subsistence des fleurs commes les abeilles; son nid est fait d'un cotton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre."—*Voyages sur Indes Occidentales, par* M. BOSSU, seconde part, let. xx.

NOTE 87, page 406.

With the snow bird soft and fair.

Emberiza hyemalis.—See IMLAY'S *Kentucky*, p. 280.

NOTES.

NOTE 88, page 407.

Virgins, who have wander'd young.

Lafitau supposes that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians.—*Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*, &c. tom. i. p. 173.

NOTE 89, page 407.

Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood.

Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l'ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l'ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l'aere con l'eterne penne:
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.

DANTE, *Purgator.* cant. ii.

NOTE 90, page 411.

WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND.

This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman."

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the Phaeton and Boston, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

NOTE 91, page 413.

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE.

Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

NOTE 92, page 414.

And that chill NOVA SCOTIA'S *unpromising strand.*

Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded.—I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF

LYRIC POETS,

BY

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS."

A CRITICAL REVIEW

OF

LYRIC POETS.

"I knew a very wise man who believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."
Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun.

So, nearly two centuries ago, wrote a sagacious Scottish Statesman. The songs of Robert Burns, his countryman, which justify the remark, exercise an influence wherever the English language is spoken, greater than even the law, in its majesty, has ever possessed or exercised. Almost contemporaneous have been three other song-writers: Béranger, in France, whose patriotism was seasoned with wit; Charles Dibdin, whose sea-songs very successfully aroused the mariners of England, during the stirring war events towards the close of the last century; and Thomas Moore, a native of Ireland, whom Shelley calls

"The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong."

As yet, America can scarcely be said to possess ballads of national value. "Home, sweet Home," by John Howard Payne, does not express any *patriotic* feeling, and even its music was made by an English composer. "The Star-Spangled Banner," a stirring lyric of the highest merit, is set to an old English tune. In France, the *chansons* of Béranger went out of fashion years ago, and are not committed to memory by the rising generation. In England, Dibdin's sea-songs are equally out of date. Burns and Moore alone are lyrists, who being dead yet speak, and are not likely to pass into oblivion. Though these poets wrote more particularly for their own countrymen, their songs are universally popular, have survived their more ambitious works, and have grown, as it were, into the literature of the world. Burns may now be more popular than Moore: but who will contend that he was a better song-writer? The fact is, Burns' songs were for his own people, while Moore, though he also wrote for his own country, gained his popularity out of it, for the most part.

The ballad-poetry of England and Scotland has been the growth of centuries. Dryden has said that "mankind, even the most barbarous, have the seeds of poetry implanted in them." Music, also, had an early origin. Song and melody are the most antique forms of poetry.

The bards, the minstrels, were the fathers of romance, preserved in memory long before printing was invented. There are English ballads composed as early as the thirteenth century—the subjects being rural life, courting, battle, feasting, and the chase. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which was graced by the writings of Shakspere, poetry set to music was very popular. Besides "The Swan of Avon," other bards were at work—Marlowe, Wither, Jonson, Herrick, and Lovelace. From the death of Oliver Cromwell down to the present time, crowds of lyrists have appeared. Contemporary with Moore himself were Scott, Barry Cornwall, and Lover. A few of Bulwer's and Tennyson's songs have been "wedded to immortal music," but it may be fairly claimed that Moore's Melodies have obtained higher and more permanent popularity than any other songs during the present century. They have been characterized as "all but unequalled for elegance of expression and subtlety of thought, flowing along in the same time in exactest harmony." There is scarcely one bad rhyme in all the Melodies, and they exhibit *sense* as well as *sound*.

For the most part, the Scottish are more natural than any other songs. In English love-songs, the writers appear more anxious to express their passion well than warmly, while the Scottish poets evidently are bent upon

letting the charmers know how deeply, how tenderly, how engrossingly they love them. An English song generally contains a single conceit or sentiment, but the Scottish gives a little story in addition. One is an attempt to make a charming poem: the other, to pour the soul out into musical utterance. In the English song we find sentiment and description: in the Scottish, sentiment and story.

Thanks to the labor and perseverance of Bishop Percy and Sir Walter Scott, many fine old ballads and songs have been rescued from oblivion. Percy hunted out old manuscripts, while Scott would travel many a weary mile to take down old ballads from the lips of peasants who had committed them to memory in their childhood. Many of these record incidents of national history; others, of later date, were the production of even royal authors. Allan Ramsay, himself a poet, was a reviver and restorer of Scottish songs, in the last century. The Jacobite lyrics of that time are sung to this hour. Robert Burns, himself the very Lord of Song, whether in pathetic, jovial, or affectionate mood, may be said to have breathed life and youth, grace and beauty, into the fragments of old verse which he undertook to restore. Tannahill and Ferguson, Walter Scott and Allan Cunningham, Lady Anne Lindsay with her "Auld Robin

Gray," and Lady Nairne with her "Land o' the Leal," James Hogg and Thomas Campbell, William Motherwell and Joanna Baillie, have contributed largely to Scottish minstrelsy, and, even in the present unpoetical days of hard work and low wages, there are more songs written in Scotland in *one* year, than in the rest of the English-speaking world in *five*. These productions, too, are racy of the soil—stamped with nationality of feeling and language.

Thomas Moore, thanks to an admirable mother, at once affectionate and ambitious, received not only a sound classical education, but obtained a competent knowledge of French and Italian. It was by his mother's liberality, and good sense, too, that, despite his comparatively humble station, he was enabled to enter the University of Dublin. When he was very popular, in London, in his early manhood, on account of his poetry, he dined with the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., as an honored guest. In the course of conversation, the Prince asked, "I suppose, Mr. Moore, that you are a kinsman of the Marquis of Drogheda? He is head of the Moore family, I think." The poet, too proud to claim kindred with the mere nobility of rank, instantly replied: "Your Royal Highness is mistaken. My family is very humble; my father, whose ordinary title is 'Honest Jack Moore,'

keeps a grocer's shop at the corner of Aungier Street, Dublin." The Prince answered, "You have every reason to be proud of such a title in your family. Gentlemen," addressing the guests, "I propose that we drink the health of 'Honest Jack Moore,' who has such a gifted son."

In music—an accomplishment rarely acquired by gentlemen in the last century—Thomas Moore was at home. In the fragment of his autobiography which remains, he says of Music, that it was "the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep love for music." Under an instructor, almost as young as himself, he acquired little more than "the power of playing two or three tunes, on an old lumbering harpsichord, with the right hand only." But it was discovered that he had an agreeable voice and taste for singing, and his talent was often called into practice. In private theatricals, too, he sang with great spirit. He was fifteen years old when, fascinated by Haydn's music, having many musical associates, he suddenly began to teach himself. His instrumental performance did not then extend beyond playing an accompaniment to a song, but he subsequently acquired a knowledge of the scientific elements of the art,—so thorough, indeed, that when he

first met Sir Henry Bishop, who succeeded Sir John Stevenson in arranging the music for the Melodies, among the airs he produced to him, was one his (Moore's) own, which he had called a Swedish air. He wrote in his Diary: "It was the last I brought forward, and he had scarcely played two bars of it when he exclaimed, 'Delicious!' and when he had finished it said, 'This is the sweetest air you have selected yet.'" Considering that Bishop (who composed the air of "Home, Sweet Home,") was then the most eminent composer of the English school, Moore must have been very clever, thus pleasantly to deceive him. Moore declared that he had never received any regular lessons in playing, yet standing often to listen when his sister was being taught, "and endeavoring constantly to pick out tunes—or *make* them—when I was alone, I became a pianoforte-player (at least sufficiently so to accompany my own singing) before almost any one was in the least aware of it." In short, the theory and practice of music came unconsciously to him, preparing him for the great work on which his fame will chiefly rest,—for it is as the greatest song-writer of his time, and not as the author of "Lalla Rookh," or the gay satirist of society, or the biographer of Sheridan and Byron, that Thomas Moore will live in literature.

At the age of sixteen, Moore wrote a dramatic masque,

in which were several songs, which his sister's teacher set to music, and which the poet sang with applause. Many of his College mates were musical. With one of them, Edward Hudson, afterwards an exile on account of politics, he spent many hours—"now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feeling of her sufferings and wrongs." About this time, Mr. Edward Bunting published the first volume of the Ancient Music of Ireland, which may be said to have first made Moore acquainted with the beauties of the native music. It was not until ten years later, however, that he made use of the treasures thus revealed, and produced the first number of the Irish Melodies.

After the publication of his Anacreon, in 1800; of Little's Poems, in 1801; and of the American Epistles and Odes, in 1806, Mr. Moore made an arrangement with James and William Power, music-sellers in Dublin, to supply words to which Sir John Stevenson, then the great musical composer of that city, was to adapt Irish airs. He had previously supplied music to several of Moore's songs, which Messrs. Power had published, and which the author—who, under the wing of Lord Moira, the Lord Rawdon of our War of Independence, had been introduced into the first society in London—had literally warbled into popularity. The first number, like

each of its successors, contained twelve Melodies, with a Preface from the Publisher, and giving part of a letter from Moore to Stevenson, stating, "Our National Music has never been collected; and while the composers of the Continent have enriched their Operas and Sonatas borrowed from Ireland—very often without the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left these treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. Thus our Airs, like too many of our countrymen, for want of protection at home, have passed into the service of foreigners." The truth of this was illustrated six years after Moore's death, when Frédéric de Flotow, the German composer, took the air known as "The Last Rose of Summer," and made it the principal gem in his opera of "Martha."

The second number of the Irish Melodies appeared towards the close of 1807. A long Preface, prepared by Moore, and actually printed, was suppressed—Mr. Power being alarmed at the freedom of the Poet's political comments upon his country's wrongs and sorrows. It is said that these opening numbers were sold to Mr. Power for fifty pounds ($250); and, indeed, there is a sentence in a letter from Moore to his mother, dated August, 1808,—"I quite threw away the Melodies: they will make the little smooth fellow's fortune,"—which goes far to confirm this statement. The third number appeared

in 1810, in which year Moore made England his place of residence; the fourth in 1811; the fifth in 1813; and the sixth in 1815. This was announced as the last of the series; but the Poet, when bidding adieu to the Irish Harp forever, confessed that it might be, perhaps, "only one of those eternal farewells which a lover takes of his mistress occasionally." Accordingly, though the last of these Melodies was a farewell to the dear Harp of his Country (p. 91), declaring—

> "If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
> Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
> I was *but* as the wind passing heedlessly over,
> And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own,"—

no one was surprised when, in 1818, the seventh number appeared, as the first of a new series, opening, as the last had closed, with an address to his Harp. The eighth number, written in Paris, was published in 1821; the ninth, in 1824; and the tenth, closing the work, was delayed until the summer of 1834. It contained four Supplementary Airs, and a Dedication of the entire work to the Marchioness of Headfort, daughter of his friend Sir John Stevenson, of Dublin, who had arranged the music for the Melodies from 1807 to 1819—that task being confided to Sir Henry Bishop from the latter date to 1834. Moore was the author, also, of numerous

Sacred Songs, National Airs, and separate Lyrics, most of which obtained great popularity.

The adage, "Easy writing is often very hard reading," means that rapid execution, usually careless, is less effective than that on which requisite labor has been bestowed—though the skillful artist will not leave the mark of his chisel on the marble. During his long connexion with Mr. James Power, extending over thirty years, Moore wrote over twelve hundred letters to him. Of these, only fifty-seven were used in Lord John Russell's biography of the Poet. Over one thousand were sold by public auction in London, in 1853, for the benefit of Mr. Power's family, and thus irretrievably scattered through the world. But there is an excellent catalogue, containing copious extracts from the more important of these letters, and reference to this manifests what labor, thought, and severe criticism Moore bestowed on the composition and revision of the Melodies. He was not what is called a rapid writer, though his works occupy many volumes; but he was very industrious, and, except when he lived in Paris (1819–1822), seems rarely to have wasted his time. Even in his annual visits to London, though he wrote little, and chiefly fluttered about in fashionable society, he was advancing his own interests, for, being greatly admired as a vocalist, he availed him-

self of the opportunity to sing his new forthcoming songs, in favor of which he thus created a *furore* in advance of their publication. It was a mode of advertising them, which gave him pleasure as well as profit. His correspondence with Power shows his anxious desire to make his Melodies as perfect as possible. Sometimes he would order particular songs to be kept back until the very last minute, because, being "very anxious" about them, he was hesitating in his choice even of single words. He wrote in 1815, when, at the age of thirty-six, he was in full vigor of mind and body, "I am never done touching and retouching while the things lie by me;" but even after they had passed into the printer's hands, he would send letter after letter to his publisher, suggesting the substitution of one word for another, or an alteration in the rhyme, or, sometimes, even the canceling of an entire stanza, and the insertion of a new one more perfectly expressing his meaning. The result was, that scarcely an indifferent rhyme occurs in his poetry, and, from his musical ear, the rhythm is almost as unexceptionable.

The success of Moore's Songs may be said to have created a squadron of imitators—good, bad, and indifferent —few of whom are now remembered. Samuel Lover, whose "Angel's Whisper" and "Rory O'More" are fair

specimens of his sentiment and humor, did not appear among the song-writers until Moore was writing his latest verses. There was another lyrist, popular to a considerable degree some forty years ago, when Moore was in the fullness of his fame, who wrote verses with great facility (and carelessness), and was even able to compose music for them, occasionally. Mr. Haynes Bayly, who began as a man of fortune and fashion, writing songs for his amusement, was finally compelled to produce them for a livelihood. One or two, such as a touching ballad—beginning, "Oh, no, we never mention her,"—were truthful and pathetic; but his attempt to compete with Moore's Melodies, by a series of versicles, entitled "Loves of the Butterflies," was not permanently successful. For a few seasons, however, sensitive lady-vocalists warned their auditors that "The Butterfly was a gentleman of no very good repute;" and plethoric amateurs of the other sex might be heard asthmatically to warble

> "I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
> Where roses, and lilies, and violets meet,
> I would not languish for wealth or for power,
> I would not sigh to see slaves at my feet.
> I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
> And sucking all buds that are pretty and sweet."

Moore's Melodies, whose popularity is as great in America, since their author's death, as it was in Europe

while he lived, have been translated into various languages—into Latin, Italian, French, Russian, Polish, and German; and were admirably rendered into the Irish language by Archbishop McHale.

Posterity may be said already to have passed its sentence upon Moore's Melodies. They manifest a very deep love of country, and an indignant spirit of indignation at the misgovernment which so long oppressed her. Sentiment, love, and geniality also pervade them. Like the rest of his writings, they abound in similes; and it has been said they constitute a treasury of gems and a conservatory of flowers. Still, their expression is not meretricious, and their musical harmony has never been equaled, or even approached. Their poetic excellence was not fully appreciated until the words were published separate from the music—to be read rather than sung. Then it was discovered by the world, what honest critics had already declared, that they were full of intelligence as well as of melody. Lord Byron, after reading one or two of the numbers of the Irish Melodies, then recently published, selected four of the songs, which, he said, "are worth all the epics that ever were composed." Hazlitt, a severe critic, who declared that Moore ought not to have written Lalla Rookh, even for three thousand guineas, said, "His muse is like Ariel—as light, as tricksy, as inde-

fatigable, and as humane a spirit. His fancy is ever on the wing; it flutters in the gale, glitters in the sun. Everything lives, moves, and sparkles in his poetry; and, over all, Love waves his purple wings. His thoughts are as many, as restless, and as bright as the insects that people the sun's beam." Lord John Russell's opinion was, that fancy and feeling were "the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. . . . . Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love, and the most ingenious creations of fancy, been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural." Alison, the historian, pronounced that the Melodies "have the delicacy of refined life without its fastidiousness—the warmth of natural feeling without its rudeness." Professor Wilson, far more enthusiastic, declared, "Of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. . . . . Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has, too, written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best, and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion, as

Scotland is—and surely, without offence, we may say that it never was and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, in variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the ploughman."

Mention having here been made of the very effective manner in which Moore sang his own lyrics, it may be in place to give, in this desultory essay, some description of it. We find Mr. Edmund D. Griffin, a young American clergyman, who visited England over forty years ago, mentioning that he had met Thomas Moore, Lockhart, Washington Irving, and other eminent men of letters, at a dinner given by Murray, the London publisher. The poet, then in his fiftieth year, was to be remarked for "the height of the bald crown, the loftiness of the receding pyramidical forehead, the marked yet expanded and graceful lines of the mouth; above all, when you catch the bright smile and the brilliant eye-beam, which accompanies the flashes of his wit and the sallies of his fancy, you forget, and are ready to disavow, your former impressions"—not favorable, on first sight of his unpoetical figure and small stature. After the party had adjourned to the drawing-room, "Mr. Moore," he tells us, "was in-

duced to seat himself at the piano, and indulged his friends with two or three of his own Irish melodies. I cannot describe to you his singing: it is perfectly unique. The combination of music and of poetic sentiment, emanating from one mind, and glowing in the very countenance, and speaking in the very voice which that same mind illuminates and directs, produces an effect upon the eye, the ear, the taste, the feeling, the whole man in short, such as no mere professional excellence can at all aspire to equal. His head is cast backward, and his eyes upward, with the true inspiration of an ancient bard. His voice, though of little compass, is inexpressibly sweet. He realized to me, in many respects, my conceptions of the poet of love and wine; the refined and elegant, though voluptuous Anacreon."

Mr. Willis, who met him six years later (in the autumn of 1834), thus set down, in his Pencilings by the Way, his impressions of Moore. "To see him only at table," Willis says, "you would think him not a small man. His principal length is in his body, and his head and shoulders are those of a much larger person. Consequently, he *sits tall*, and, with the peculiar erectness of head and neck, his diminutiveness disappears. . . . . I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equaled by the

beauty of his own words. . . . . He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have soul or sense in you. I have heard of women fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered, by chance, to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that the heart would break with it. We all sat round the piano. . . . . He rambled over the keys awhile, and sang 'When first I met thee,' [page 143 in this volume], with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand—said good-night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished, for myself, to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness in my heart."

These descriptions may appear exaggerated, but, having heard Moore sing—always with the little trick of silently gliding away the moment he had produced his greatest effect—I can answer for their truth. Poets of the highest order do not usually do justice, in singing, or even in

reading, to their own lyrics. Burns sang very well, but, rarely attempting ballads of sentiment or love, confined himself to his more jovial effusions. Lover, like Moore, rather spoke than sung his own songs, and sometimes touched his listeners' hearts.

The remuneration which Moore received for his Melodies was very considerable. Compared with the payments to Burns, it might be called enormous. There are some two hundred and fifty lyrics, written or amended by Burns, for which he received only five pounds ($25) at the beginning of his task, and as much more sent to him, when he was on his death-bed, when, if needed, it was not used. Moore received five hundred pounds a year for nearly thirty years, during which he wrote the Melodies, —the hundred and twenty-four contained in this volume. This annuity makes a total of fifteen thousand pounds Sterling ($75,000)—which shows a payment of nearly $605 for each song! Scott, Byron, Bulwer, Macaulay, and Dickens had magnificent remuneration for their writings, but nothing approaches the rate of payment given to Moore for his Melodies. For "Lalla Rookh," a collection of poems, set, as it were, in the framework of a prose narrative—like Orient pearls strung upon a thread of gold —Moore also received a very large sum. The friend who negotiated the sale of that work, one line of which the

intending publishers and purchasers had never read, at the time, simply declared "that Moore ought to receive for his poem the largest price that has ever been given, in our day, for such a work." That was three thousand guineas ($16,500), and this was the sum paid to the negotiator, on Moore's part, (Mr. Perry, then editor of a leading Liberal newspaper in London,) to whom the grateful poet addressed some verses, not to be found in any collection of his writings; but he personally acknowledged to me that though he had forgotten and lost, he certainly had written them. I have pleasure in reproducing them here. They are as follow:—

To ——, *to whose interference I chiefly owe the very liberal price given for* "LALLA ROOKH."

"When they shall tell, in future times,
Of thousands given for idle rhymes,
Like these—the pastime of an hour,
They'll wonder at the lavish taste
That could, like tulip-fanciers, waste
A little fortune on a flower!

"Yet wilt not thou, whose friendship set
Such value on the bard's renown,—
Yet, wilt thou not, my friend, regret
The golden shower thy spell brought down;

"For thou dost love the free-born Muse
Whose flight no curbing chain pursues;
And thou dost think the song, that shrines
That image,—so ador'd by thee,
And spirits like thee,—Liberty,
Of price beyond all India's mines!"

It only remains to add a few particulars concerning the present edition of Moore's Melodies, which also contains his Poems, written in America, at the commencement of his life of authorship. The illustrations of the Melodies were designed by Moore's countryman and friend, the late Mr. Daniel Maclise, who died suddenly in London, in April, 1870, and for thirty-five years had been a distinguished member of the British Academy of Fine Arts,—one of the most poetical-historical painters of the age, and unsurpassed as a brilliant colorist. Like Moore, he was the son of parents who belonged, in Ireland, not to the aristocracy of rank or wealth, but to that of industry and honesty. Like him, too, he ventured upon the troubled and dangerous ocean of London life, at a very early age. Still continuing the parallel, Maclise speedily obtained an early recognition of his genius. Every honor, in the way of his profession, that Maclise contended for he obtained, with apparent ease, over

numerous and gifted competitors. In 1833, when he was only twenty-two years old, among other fine paintings of his in the Royal Academy Exhibition, was a master-piece entitled "Mokanna," illustrating the effective story, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." The wonderful productiveness and rich imagination of this great painter were assisted by remarkable skill and clear judgment. When it was determined that the new Houses of Parliament, in London, should be enriched by the sister Muses of Painting and Sculpture, a commission was given to Mr. Maclise to execute, in fresco, several of the illustrations of British history, representing war-scenes on sea and land, and his "Death of Nelson" and "Meeting of Blucher and Wellington after the Battle of Waterloo," are among the most illustrious triumphs of Art in that national gallery. In 1866, he refused the presidency of the Royal Academy, the highest honor that, as a Painter, he could receive. He devoted years of study and labor to the production of his pictorial edition of Moore's Melodies, and Moore gratefully spoke of his good fortune in having "the rich imaginative powers of Mr. Maclise employed in its adornment." It is not too much to say that never before was Poetry waited upon by such a lovely hand-maiden as Art. Beauty and grace pervade every

page, and bring out, as it were, the deeper and more subtle meaning of the bard.

Mr. William Riches, one of our own artists, has completed this volume, by illustrating, for the first time in any country, Moore's American Poems, and his designs, characteristic and national, will bear, though they do not challenge, comparison with those which Maclise produced for the Melodies. They chiefly illustrate the scenery and natural objects which Moore admired on this side of the Atlantic, and are a graceful and appropriate tribute to his genius.

R. Shelton Mackenzie

Philadelphia, *March* 21, 1871.

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